A GREAT NOVEL BY E. BURKE COLLINS BEGINS NEXT WEEK!

THE CHICAGO LEDGER

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UNDER A FOREIGN FLAG.

Love and War in South America--Strange Adventures of a Dispatch Bearer--A Startling Sequel.

By J. HOWARD BAUMAN.

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CHAPTER V.

THE ABDUCTION.

Let us return to the time Jack and Pedro saw Estelle and her mother safely aboard the train. They arrived in Gorgona in safety and were heartily welcomed by their friends. The time was passed pleasantly, and no fears were entertained for the future by either the visitors or their friends.

Just as the sun was sinking behind the western horizon on the day following their arrival in Gorgona, a native lad rapped on the door of the house wherein the two women were staying. He asked for Senorita Lopaz. On being informed that she was within, he said that he had a letter to deliver to her. He absolutely refused to take the missive from his pocket until he was ushered into the presence of Estelle.

With trembling fingers the girl tore the end from the envelope.

"Dear Senorita Lopaz," it read, "I have something I must communicate to you before I proceed to Panama--in fact I may never reach the city as I have made a number of unsuccessful attempts. In return for what we did for you yesterday morning, I ask you to meet me at the wood just beyond the east end of the town. What I have to say to you concerns the future of us both. Yours until I see you, John Burns."

Estelle read the note through twice; then she remembered the boy standing silently by.

"It's all right; you may go now," said she, turning to him.

"Have you no answer?" inquired the lad.

"No."

Then before she knew it the boy had darted through the door, and down the street. Why had she been so thoughtless as to allow the boy to go without questioning him about the sender of the letter. Serious doubts arose in her mind as to the genuineness of the signature. When Jack had left her it was to go at once to the capital, and she did not believe that he had failed repeatedly as the letter said. Could it be that he had turned coward? No, no, such a thought would be doing a man who had exhibited the bravery the American had in effecting her rescue from the rebels, an injustice. She had never seen the stranger's writing, so, of course, had nothing to compare this missive with. Besides, what could he have to say to her that was of such importance?

The more Estelle thought about the letter the more undecided she became. Finally she consulted her mother. The Senora was, of course, unable to throw any light upon the matter.

"I do not want you to run into any unnecessary danger, nor do I like the matter to pass unexplained. I cannot understand why this young American, if it was he who wrote the letter, did not come to the house to meet you instead of requesting you to go to him; he surely knows that he would be welcome."

"He may have a good reason, unknown to us," suggested Estelle.

"Then suppose I accompany you, and if my presence is undesirable, I will leave as soon as I know that all is well."

"A good idea, Mamma, and I think the only wise plan under the circumstances."

And thus it was settled. The letter did not specify any particular hour, so as soon as the evening meal had been eaten, the two women started for the strip of wood mentioned as the meeting place.

When they drew near not a person was in sight. Two minutes later a native youth was seen walking idly along the path by the side of the road, evidently on his way to the town.

Another minute and the rumble of wheels was heard. Looking around, Estelle saw a wagon approaching them from the rear. A man was seated on the front end, driving. No other person was in sight.

Estelle and her mother were standing near the first tree that could be seen to belong to the wood.

On rumbled the wagon; on came the walker. Evidently both driver and walker would reach the spot where the women stood at the same time. Such proved to be the case. The driver pulled hard on the reins, and the wagon came to a standstill. The young man stopped to see why the wagon had stopped.

Two men, unseen until this moment, sprang over the side of the wagon, and before the two astonished women could realize what had happened they were struggling in the grasp of the man. Estelle obtained a good view of the malicious face of her assailant.

"My God! You here! I understand it all now!" cried the girl, in new born fear.

"Oh, you do, do you, my fine lady? Well, it is a pity--for you--that you did not understand it before this. How nicely you walked into our little trap."

"You shall suffer for this outrage."

"Oh, bo, ho! None of that lady talk from you. What do you suppose I care for Major Lopaz? And your brave rescuer of yesterday--well, he is either dead or in the hands of the rebs. He may be even so far as Panama, and if there he might as well be dead, for the people in the city are in as tight a trap as you are."

"Oh, you--you scoundrels!" cried Estelle, vehemently.

"See here, men," broke in Senora Lopaz, "why are we treated in this manner?"

"We have not the time to explain our motive now," returned the elder lady's captor, but if you do exactly as you are told, I promise that you will not be molested." Then turning to the man who held Estelle, he said, "Come, Miguel, no more of this dallying. Get them on the wagon and let us get out of this."

Each of the two, being stalwart men, lifted his prisoner from her feet, and in spite of the screaming and kicking, placed them on the wagon with apparent ease; then climbing in after them, Miguel ordered the driver to whip up his horses.

It was at this moment that the thought entered the girl's brain, the prompt action upon which was destined to save them from the evil-minded men.

She saw the young man standing at a short distance, staring at what was being enacted in open-mouthed wonder. Why not call to him who they were and ask him to notify their friends of what had befallen them?

In frightened accents the girl cried to him the words he had fixed death to carry to Major Lopaz. Then the cruel cloth was forced into her mouth, and all was quiet save the rumbling of the wheels upon the rough road.

The women were forced to lie in the bottom of the wagon bed, presumably that a chance passer-by would fail to see them.

On and on rolled the wagon. Night descended in all its denseness.

About two hours later the wagon came to a halt, the women knew not where. They were ordered to alight, then forced to enter a small cabin which stood by the roadside.

Miguel Lasco fired three shots point blank.

The women were not so far from the town as they had reason to suppose. The fact was that after driving due east for a few miles, the driver headed his horses north, then northwest. Thus the cabin the women were forced to enter was but a short distance northeast of the spot, and not far from the west branch of the Chagres river.

On entering the door of the cabin-like

FRESH AND STRONG.

Food That Sends One Along.

"I found a food at last that I could work on and that would keep me fresh and strong. I have been a school teacher for eleven years, and every year toward the last have felt more or less worn out, and have been bothered particularly with my stomach and serious constipation.

Last year I used Grape-Nuts regularly at both morning and evening meals and the result was really wonderful. I have been entirely cured of the troubles spoken of, and don't know what it is to take a dose of medicine any more. The old nervousness and sleeplessness have gone. No more do I be awake nights until my brain is in a whirl. Now I sleep all night like a healthy child.

I was the only teacher out of fourteen in our public school, who did not miss a day on account of sickness during the last session. I have been able to do more hard studying than ever before, and took up the teachers' state reading work, completed the course and passed a successful examination at the last institute.

Grape-Nuts in my case has proved the truth of the assertion that it is a brain and nerve builder. I would recommend it to tired, over-worked school teachers, or any other brain worker." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

It is far wiser to build up health and strength naturally with food than to crutch along on some kind of medicine and let the disease finally do its work.

The Care of Cut Glass.

Cut glass should have the smallest possible care in handling. A wooden tub should be used for washing, and the water in which it is cleaned, should not be too warm for the hands. The deeper the cutting the more liable it is to be broken.

Cut glass should never be left upon stone or marble, and in rinsing the water should be of nearly the same temperature as the used for the washing. It should always be drained on a soft towel, and the decanters and water-bottles often get discolored, but a soft cloth guided by a wire will generally remove the sediment. When this is the climate, bits of soap with other than strong soap suds will do the work. Beans are sometimes used instead of shot. Glass that is ornamented with gold should be washed with castile or a good white soap—that is a sudsy—and should be wiped as dry as possible. All the fine glass should be kept in a closed cabinet and handled as little. A damp place is not advisable for glass, especially that with gold decorations.

NO PERSON SHOULD DIE

of any kidney disease or be distressed by stomach troubles or tortured and poisoned by constipation. Where there is health there is life. Wine will be sent free and prepaid to any reader of this publication who needs it and writes for it. One dose a day of this remedy does the work and is perfectly, to stay cured. If you care to be cured of indigestion, dyspepsia, flatulence, catarrh of stomach and bowels, sallowness, or pimples and muddy liver, if you wish to be sure that your kidneys are free from disease and that you have the necessary work thoroughly, if you expect to have a clear head, perfect digestion and good health and freedom from catarrh, rheumatism and backache, if you desire to be sure that you will live a healthy, happy life, you should at once write at once for a free bottle of this remedy and prove for yourself what a perfect cure it is that these ailments are cured quickly, thoroughly, and permanently by only one dose a day of Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine.

Any reader of Chicago Ledger may have a sample bottle of Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine sent free and prepaid by writing the Vernal Remedy Company, Buffalo, N. Y. It cures chronic indigestion, constipation of the bowels, congestion of the kidneys, inflammation of the bladder, and enlargement of the prostate gland.

There is no trouble but a trifle of expense to cure the most stubborn case. Write for a free bottle.

Napkins.

In spite of Alexander Dumas' assertion that napkins were first used in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, they must have been of much more ancient origin, since the Roman cuisine necessitated their use much earlier. Clara Rose, theater coat to Charles II., gave methods for folding them in a variety of ways, but the general adoption of forks among the middle classes did away with the serviette to a great extent. At dessert, when the table is removed (as it still is nowadays where polished mahogany or marble tables are used) a bowl of water was presented to each guest and this stood on a plate covered with a square cloth (our present doily).

EVERY LADY READ THIS.

I will send Dr. Shoop's Restorative, Special Nerve Tonic, Irregularities, etc. A single home treatment, a complete cure certain in most cases. Free with valuable medical book. Mrs. L. V. MUDNUT, South Bend, Ind.

An Unexpected Happening.

Caller—Is the editor in?

The Imp—Nope. Gone home.

Caller—Shoo! Hi, I mean.

The Imp—Nope. Wife telephoned baby was sick. Went home to see what it looked like.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

Love's Preference.

Death may love a shining mark,
But the man I love is oft
Directed at a different kind—
A mark that's rather soft.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

A man seldom realizes how few of his remarks are worth repeating until he has conversed with a deaf person.

Under a Foreign Flag.

(Continued.)

structure, the women were hurried through the first room into another which was directly in the rear. As far as the captives could make out, the building contained but two rooms.

Evidently the men were not strangers in the place, for one of them took a small lamp from a cupboard and lighted it, dispelling the oppressive darkness. The leader of the gang then motioned them to be seated on the rude settees while he and his men left the room.

"Now Senorita," said he, "you see we have matters to our own liking. You know well enough what we want."

"I do not know why any person laying claim to the title of men should be guilty of treating two defenseless women as you are treating us," returned Estelle, defiantly.

"Oh, you don't. Well, I will tell you. About three months ago a certain Major Murri rived me a chart, showing a mine in the mountains, and not far from where the Murri river rises. Once I had this, I considered a gold mine. This Major, not having time to test the richness of his find himself, made me promise that I would return during his next leave of absence from the army and work the mine for the benefit of the country. Now, we want the charts so that we can find the mine, and I have come for the army papers, but it was the charts we wanted and I will have them. You see there will be robbery for a rebel, as we are called, to be a satisfactory thing to the people, and as the General is done with us we will locate the mine; and if he doesn't get through with us pretty soon, I'll be mighty sorry for you that we will desert."

"Then you intend to desert?" sneered Estelle, "Never mind bravery; it is money we want. You see, I am to have a share in the mine and the papers. Just before the Major was leaving for the front, a friend of mine happened to be arrested and sent to prison far from your house. On the other side of the tree stood the Major's daughter, Estelle, talking daughter. Fearing that he might not return from the impending battle he thought best to tell his daughter the secret of the mine. You heard every word he said—at least my friend. Peeping around the tree, he saw the Major hand his daughter a package of papers, and he knew by the sweet heart that in case he fell she would find among them a chart and be able to more easily locate the mine. Have you any recollection of any such meeting, Senorita Lopaz?"

"What if I have?"

"We want that chart, as I have already told you."

"It is safely hidden away."

"Oh, but I think you will take your word on that score! If it were not safely hidden you would not have come to this place with it ere this without bothering you?"

"Do you know where I have your house, have you?" cried Estelle, angrily.

"Oh, yes; you see, we took your servants by surprise and they were glad to point the place, but sounds! Not a sign of the chart was found."

"And you never will find it, for I will never tell you where it is concealed," the girl, coolly.

"I think you will, my dear Senorita."

"You know how you were fooled before."

"Oh, yes; but circumstances are somewhat altered. You see, Senorita, we have thought we were after government papers, and a good loyal citizen would think he will betray his government in time of war; it is different when personal interests are concerned. Senorita, I will promise not to meddle with the government documents I have no need for them, and the chart of, if you will turn over the other."

"How long will you be gone?"

"I think you will change your mind since we hold a high value on which we lacked before," with a fiendish leer.

"What do you mean?"

"Senorita, you are brave, and I admire your pluck. But we are desperate, and will not hesitate to use violence if forced to do so."

"Do your worst," defiantly.

"Listen to me. We held in our power your mother as well as yourself. Tomorrow night, at a signal, she will be given safety from interference, one of us will escort from your house to the place agreed. Your mother shall be bound in a chair that she cannot move in the least. When you will have had time enough to return a dynamite cartridge supplied with a time fuse will be placed under her chair. In case the man I send in charge of you fails to return with the papers at the time I have agreed to burn its course; you know the inevitable result. Now, if you will give me the chart in safe return of my man with the paper and such an agreement as I have confident he you will lose no time. What do you think of my plan?"

"You coward! You fiend!" fairly hissed the girl. "But what if I being the papers?"

"If my man returns in safety with the chart you and the Senora will be held for a few days, and then allowed to go your ways unmolested. Think it over, Senorita, think it over. It is for you to say whether or not the man is sent for the papers."

"Oh, you heartless brute! Why are such as you allowed to live?" cried Estelle, through her set teeth.

Evidently the villainous gang held the winning hand. One thing was certain: Estelle would not allow harm to come to her mother if she had to lose a hundred gold mines; so if they were not delivered from the power of the men ere the set time expired she would hand over the papers, or, at least, divulge their hiding place.

Would the hoped for rescue come?

CHAPTER VI.

THE STRIPS OF CLOTH.

Following their prearranged plans to the letter, Jack Burns left the railroad along which they had been walking and started "across country" for the home of Major Lopaz, while Pedro hastened on to the town of Gorgone. He was to remain near the depot until morning, where, if wanted, Jack would know to look for him.

When the American arrived at the Major's home the place was evidently deserted, every shutter hanging on the door were unanswered. It was then considerably past midnight.

Jack was perplexed about the place about an hour when he became aware of the presence of another man. He was standing behind a clump of bushes near the house.

Whoever this other man was, he had made known his presence to the American by stepping from his sheltered position in an endeavor to see him, and Jack, turning his head quickly, had seen him ere he had had time to again step behind the bushes.

Without a moment's hesitation, the American sprang straight for the bushes, drawing his revolver from his belt as he did so. Without a sound he reached the spot where the man had disappeared he failed to see a sign of him.

Jack stood for a full minute, wrapped in thought. Where had the man, whoever he might be, gone? Disappeared as he had evidently? Perhaps he had run around to the other side of the shrubbery and, seeing Jack on that thought, Jack sprang into the bushes, then turning ran clear around in the opposite direction. Without the slightest warning his foot struck some obstruction and he was precipitated to the ground.

Jack was sure that he heard a groan issue from the clump of bushes.

Hastily regaining his feet, the American began a search for the obstruction over which he had fallen.

He soon found it, and it proved to be a man lying in a huddled number behind which Jack commenced to pull. It gave. Not the body of the man he had come to seek. Another tug; a groan from the owner of the body, and a man arrived from the bushes under which he had been hiding.

"Stand up!" ordered the American.

"Senor, in mercy's name, don't shoot!" wailed the man, in illiterate Spanish; he was almost frightened to death.

"Get up!" came the second command from Jack, as the native slowly arose to his feet.

"Now, give an account of yourself. Why are you here at this time of the night?"

"I do not understand, Senor."

"Why are you prowling about this house?"

"Senor, me work for Major."

"Ho, ho! So that is why you are here, is it? You are one of the servants?"

"Aye, Senor."

"Why is the house so dark?"

"Major is dead, Senor. Men come yesterday and hurt me, then look all through house."

"Good!" mused Jack. "This fellow undoubtedly knows the truth. Perhaps he handed devils were here. Now, will they come again? What is your name, my man?" he asked aloud, suddenly breaking the trend of his musing.

"Pedro, Senor," the servant, somewhat recovered from his recent scare.

"Well, Pedro, are you hurt?"

"No, Senor."

"Then one of the men who brought the Senorita home."

"Aye, Senor; aye, Senor!" exclaimed the man, for the first time that night, perceiving his knees with his hands. "Me know you. You brought you one of the bad men!"

"Well, I am not."

"Me know it now."

"Don, do you love your mistress?" asked Jack abruptly changing the subject.

"Senora Lopaz and Estelle good to me," replied the native.

"Do you know they are in trouble?"

"Me know, Senor."

"They are. The bad men, as you call them, have carried the Senora and her daughter away."

The servant commenced to sob bitterly, crying that the Senorita was "my" good Senora, my poor Estelle!"

"Control yourself, crying will not help them in the least; we must find them."

"How find them, Senor?"

"That is more than I am able to say," returned Jack, with a sigh.

"Senor, you have hunt everywhere."

"Not just yet, Don. I want you to tell me where the house could Jack Burns find—hush! What was that noise?"

A shout arose from the direction of the men. It was like the cracking of a board.

"Me know, Senor," whispered Don, trembling from head to foot.

"Hush! Not another word; someone is approaching. Quick!" and Jack under the bushes with you. Quick!"

Pedro obeyed with ready alacrity. Then the American dropped flat upon his stomach behind the same bushes. The sound of approaching footsteps could now be distinctly heard.

Jack drew himself forward on his stomach that he could see around the bushes. Closer and closer approached the men, now discern three dim forms. Another minute the foremost was within ten feet, and he was able to distinguish the forms of two men; between them walked a woman. A little closer and he could see that between them the woman by either arm. Then they made a sharp turn to the left and headed directly toward the front door of the house.

"Now, Don," whispered Jack Burns mistake the form between those two men. Not likely——"

"Estelle Lopas! And with those men here at this time of the night! What can it mean? Can she have joined with those villains at any rate," breathed the American.

Then men led the woman up the steps leading to the door. A short halt and the door was pushed open.

When the three had disappeared through the doorway, Jack sprang to his feet, exclaiming, excitedly: "Don! Don! Be quick! Do you want to serve your kind mistress?"

"Me serve them with my life," he answered, rising to his feet, which words Jack was counselled to doubt judging from the

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When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

man's scared condition of a few minutes previous.

"Good! is there a horse about the place?" asked Jack, not making known his plans.

"Two in the barn, Senor."

"Good again! You mount one of the horses, lead the other, and travel like the wind to Gorgone, and when you have you find Pedro, the little fellow who was with me when we brought Estelle home. You will know him and tell him to wait for me there; then return with him to this house. Now listen. Do not answer to a shout follow these men; if they leave here before you return, which I will put a small bits of paper and scatter them along the road wherever there is a turn, as well as from this spot along the course you take from here. You must hurry and overtake me. Are you certain you understand me?"

"Yes, Senor; I understand."

"Then be off with you. Ride like the wind and stop for no person; mind you, stop for no person."

Three minutes later the clatter of hoofs greeted the ears of the American as the servant started after the men on the road on the sun.

As soon as the man was well out of hearing, Jack drew closer to the house. Peeping through a crack one of the shutters he covered by the blind he could see what was being enacted within.

Estelle Lopaz was sitting on a chair, closely watched by one of the men. The second man was not in the room. The American held his breath as he looked for fear the sound would betray his presence.

One, two and three minutes slipped by and still no second man made his appearance. When five minutes had passed, Jack saw a door slowly open, and the other man who had entered the house with Estelle stepped into the room. He had come from some quarter that was unknown to the watcher. Over his head he triumphantly waved a package of papers.

"Pound at last! Wont the boss be tickled?" Jack heard the man who held the papers cry gleefully.

He saw him turn up the light, spread out a number of the papers and examine them closely. All but two he gathered up and threw into a basket which stood under the edge of the table at which he sat.

Spreading the two that he had retained from the package out upon the table, he again set about to examine the rough outlines thereon. The author overlooked his countenance was a sure indication that he was pleased.

After a few moments' silent study, Jack saw him fold the papers carefully and place them in his pocket. Then he turned to him say to his companion, "Come, Peter, let us get out of this. Now much time we have lost already. But then I am sure the boss will not be mad when he knows we have been successful."

Scarcely had the door was opened and the men, with Estelle between them as before, stepped out into the night. Jack hastened behind the house to keep out of sight of the men. He had promised Don that he would remain under cover by the men with their prisoner and himself as their shadow. But one grave obstacle confronted him. Where was he to get the papers with which to bribe?

The girl was again forced to walk between the two men. They proceeded in the direction from which they had entered the yard.

Almost involuntarily Jack started after them, but he had taken but a few steps when he came to a sudden halt. He had no paper to serve his course. If he were to return to the house in search of some of the much-desired material he would be sure to lose track of Estelle and her captors. Better try to battle the men single-handed than to risk losing track of them now.

But what was the white object visible through the gloom? As the American observed it, he saw it flutter in the gentle breeze. Jack could hardly suppress a cry of joy as he pulled the object from a line stretched between two trees. It was a white linen bed spread.

Rolling it up into a compact form he darted back through the trees to the path those he was following had taken.

As soon as he reached the path, he tore a dozen long, narrow strips from the spread. One of these he fastened to the low hanging limb of the tree nearest the path. Then he ran ahead about twenty feet, and soon another strip hung from another tree branch.

Six more strips of white linen adorned as many more branches, and then the Ameri-

A PROMINENT DIVINE

Advises All Persons Suffering From Lost Manhood to Send for This Free Cure.

HAS THE OFFICIAL ENDORSEMENT

Of the U. S. Investigating Reports—the American Authority On All Matters of Public Welfare.

READ THIS OFFER. ACCEPT IT TODAY.

I have a message to men of suffering and health-ruined man in this country. If you are afflicted with Sexual Weakness or Nervous Debility, I want you to read this article and then write to me. I have a medicine with which I have cured hundreds of my friends and others who have written me for it. I am not a doctor or a sharper, but a plain business man, and I want every weak, disappointed and debilitated man to write to me for a copy of the formula from which this wonderful medicine is prepared. I do not ask you for money. It is free.

Read the following, by William Cole, M. D., Washington, D. C., published in the United Investigating Reports regarding the prescription from which this remedy for curing Lost Manhood is prepared:

During the examination of men for the army during our recent war with Spain, our United States army physicians were shocked to find so large a percentage of men disqualified because of nervous disorders. It is not the purpose of these reports to enter into a statement of causes, other than to say that the sufferer is seldom to blame. His condition is indeed deplorable; his memory fails him, his energy goes, his eyesight dimmed, his muscles soft and his nervous stamina gone. He is pitied by those versed in nervous troubles and repulsed by those of both sex who do not understand how dark the world is to him.

Some fifteen years ago the writer gave attention to the cure of these disorders, and found that the late Dr. Wilson, Professor of Chemistry and Pharmacy of Medicine in Bellevue Medical College of New York, had a formula of wonderful power to restore to men the fulness of their physical and mental strength. In the year 1895 the secret died with Wilson died and his formula has been obtained by L. F. Page of 30 State street, Marshall, Michigan, who prepares it according to the original prescription, and from analysis of the same, by our board of investigation, we find it composed of several well known drugs, and that it is sold under the name of "Dr. Wilson's Restorative Remedies." Our investigation was extended into a great number of similar preparations, none of which were found equal to the above, while many were prepared by whom we know not or nothing more than deceptive or materia medica. We hereby caution the public against the use of all uncertain remedies and all who need nerve-life bringing medicine are recommend them to take Dr. Wilson's Restorative Remedies, prepared and sold by L. F. Page, 30 State street, Marshall, Michigan, and auto the aforesaid Dr. Wilson's Restorative Remedies we extend the official indorsement of the United States Investigating Reports.

To everyone who writes in good faith I will send the full formula of this wonderful medicine, with full instructions and full directions are sent free. Have it filled, or if you prefer, have your druggist buy the ingredients and prepare it privately just as well yourself. One prescription is sufficient for a man of ordinary size. We will be enough to convince you of its marvelous power.

Among those of this condition has been attracted by this magnanimous offer is the Rev. Thomas Crawford Whitaker, of Salem, N. C., a very prominent divine, whose own vitality was seriously impaired. Being sick of paying money to quacks and charlatans who took his money without doing him any good, the Rev. Mr. Crawford sent the prescription made up and took it regularly, as he was directed. With three months' use he was perfectly cured, and after several years of enjoyment of his energy given by powers, made the statement publicly that every man in need of help should do likewise.

There are also many ministers who would be willing to publicly endorse and recommend a cure of this kind, with the statement that they themselves had been cured by it, but the Rev. Crawford has in him a great deal of true gratitude and love of mankind. This is shown in a measure by his willingness, that he makes public acknowledgment "in order that others may receive the same happy results."

You are older now and can look back and see the mistakes you have made, but you cannot recall the vigor and fire of the springtime of robust manhood. Your transgressions have left their mark upon you. Your errors and excesses have ravaged your system and undermined your nerve force. Quickness, backache, nervousness and debilitating drains and worn-out, shrunken and lifeless organs are making your life a miserable existence devoid of pleasure. You hesitate and falter; you are not the man you once were, and you know it. Cast aside your modesty. This matter is too important. Act at once with manly decision.

This formula is printed and costs me almost nothing, and I give it free of any charge. I do not ask it, but if you desire to do so you can pay something after using it. I want to help every suffering man in America to regain his health and strength and the ability to enjoy the pleasures of life as I do. Address L. F. Page, private box 797, Marshall, Mich.

Under a Foreign Flag.

(Continued.)

can found himself in the open roadway.

But which way had the two fellows fled turned? To the right meant to cross the railroad. Jack reasoned that the men would avoid danger of interruption in their vile scheme. Soon four more strips of linen were added to the first two. Then he and Jack hurried ahead, for, according to the understanding between him and Don, no more marks were to be placed so long as the straight road was to be followed.

Jack came to the conclusion that those in advance of him were traveling with haste, and he started on a run to husband his strength and the American experienced no fatigue.

After about a mile of this chase, Jack was excited by seeing a dark object on wheels. As the night was pretty dark he was not likely to be seen by the occupants of the wagon. Drawing his left hand from within his jacket, he took a revolver, which he had concealed there before leaving the camp. By his right hand he began to gain sight of the wagon, but not hearing, so Jack again darted after it.

Many another man would have been "run down" by this time, but not so with Jack. He was becoming accustomed to the work.

Jack had no means of reckoning the distance he had traveled, but after a while he finally came to a halt in front of a low cabin, or hut of native design. He drew near cautiously, and the occupants of the wagon alight therefrom, and one of the men entered the hut, while the other stood by with strips of linen torn from the spread. By his left hand the stranger kept sight of, but not hearing, so Jack again darted after it.

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First one window, then another the stranger halted in front of each to get a glimpse of the interior; but every one was closely covered.

When he started to give up in despair, Jack chanced to notice a small hole in the wall, through which a ray of light was issuing. He detected by rays of light which issued from it that it was a glass window, and he was sure that he could climb up to it.

The mustered search was regarded by the finding of a large piece of a limb, probably broken from a neighboring tree. Practing this to the window, he climbed toward the house. This he leaned against the wall and ascended to the point where he could climb with ease.

The first thing that he noted against the wall considerably above the hole. To climb the timber to a height that he could look through was a task for Jack, and he set to work of but a moment.

Then he made a rude bench, side by side, two women—Senora Lopaz and her daughter Senorita. Each had on her face made the heart of the spy beat against his ribs in spite of his hazardous position.

At first he was so overcome by these mind's eye for a number of hours; but then the sight of Senorita did not admit even to himself that he was in danger of losing his heart, but that he had already lost it.

Three men stood near the women, one of whom Jack recognized as the leader of the gang. Another was the messenger of the party he had secured with the wire bonds while the third was not admitted to the government dispatches.

As Jack looked at the paper, it puzzles me to know what to do with you women," he heard the villainous leader say to Senorita.

"Senor, please allow us to return to our home," she pleaded.

"Ho, ho, ho! I guess not! Why we would be under arrest before we reached there, and upon us before we could clear the country. Oh, it is impossible! I suppose you, too, Senora, was just out of the way, I might make good use of you."

Then the two Senora Lopaz shuddered and drew closer to her daughter.

"What do you mean, you coward," cried Estelle. "Did you not promise us our freedom if I passed the paper?"

"Perhaps I did, but making promises and keeping them are two different matters," laughed the man, with an attempt.

"You beast that you have no regard for honor, do you?"

"Put it, that way, if you like, Senorita," returned the man, with an attempt to smile.

"Senor, I beg of you to allow us to return; I will promise not to say anything of this until you are well away from here," pleaded the girl further.

"Hah! Stop your begging, for I wont do it. Didn't I tell you that I could make use of you?"

"Of what further service can I be to your evil schemes?" asked Estelle.

"Well, my dear Senorita, I happen to be a bachelor," meaningly.

"Well?"

"It might be a good move on my part to get married."

"And you think you might force me to serve you?"

"Not at all; I would serve my wife—that is to a certain extent."

The truth suddenly dawned upon her bewildered brain; the man wanted to make her, the daughter of loyal Major Lopaz, his wife, and not his servant as she had at first supposed. She made no answer, so the man continued:

"Don't you think I would make a model husband for my pretty Senorita?"

"Senor, I do not understand what you are aiming at," replied Estelle, not truthfully by any means.

"Then I will express myself in plainer words. I wish to marry you, but I do not care to have the ceremony hanging about my promises."

"And do you think for a moment that I would stoop to marry such a creatures as you; to link my life with one so vile ... yours?" cried Estelle, indignantly.

"Well, when it comes down to facts, you may be allowed to, as in the matter."

"I would die a thousand torturesome deaths sooner than become your wife. Coward that you are, you insult me when you speak to me!"

"Not so fly with your tongue, Senorita. You make me all the more determined to possess you, and you will, tomorrow or leave to search for the gold mine; you go along."

"Never!"

"You shall go along, I said!" angrily.

"But," said Estelle, thinking to employ new tactics, "how about the army?"

"Oh, I guess the boys will be able to take care of themselves, so my pals here and myself have decided that this war [illegible]ness; we don't like the idea of getting [illegible]."

"Another coward on your part," Estelle could not refrain from saying.

"Then what will you call the act of my taking a pair of women?" asked the dirty leader, seating himself by the girl's side as he spoke.

Estelle sprang to her feet, but the rebel anticipated her movement before she could take a step he had grasped her firmly by the arm, pulling her back—not upon the bench, but upon his knee.

This act on the part of the man made the back of the bench a fairly safe [illegible]. He ground his teeth in his rightness anger. He reached for his pistol, but his pocket to secure his revolver, not knowing at what moment he might be called upon to use it. As he did this the limb upon which he was perched turned suddenly. Jack dropped his revolver to the ground at the same time clutching the limb with both hands to keep from falling.

Little good this did him, for the sudden shock of the fall was greater than the limb could stand. With a noise like the report of a pistol it broke in the center, both pieces and its burden [illegible] falling to the ground with a thud.

The American's head struck the revolver which he had dropped to the ground and he lay [illegible] still in a semi-unconscious state.

The sound of the breaking limb was heard by those on the back of the house and the next moment the front door was thrown open and three men rushed out to see what had happened.

CHAPTER VII.
THE ESCAPE.

While Jack Burns lay on the ground stunned by the fall the three men proceeding a vigorous search for the cause of the commotion. Suddenly a little drama in real life was being enacted within the walls of the house.

When Estelle Lopaz saw the two men rush out of the house, she assumed an unconcerned attitude, thinking that she had some thinking. She at I her mother were alone with the rebel leader at the time to make some effort to escape. Why should a nervous girl attempt to overpower a man? If she did make the attempt she knew that nothing of the fate that awaited her at the hands of the cruel leader of the band?

The girl resolved to make a dash for the door, and she did so at once.

A piece of rounded wood, probably a chair leg, was lying near within her reach. Edging close to her mother, Estelle whispered in her ear:

"Now is our chance to escape, mamma. You move toward the door and if the man tries to prevent you I will give me the opportunity I desire."

"But, my child—"

"Don't stop to argue; now is our only time."

The whispered words were imperative, and the mother was satisfied that her daughter knew what she was about; so without another moment's hesitation she arose from her seat and started straight for the open door.

This act on the part of the Senora brought about exactly what Estelle hoped for. The man who had been left to guard the women was not [illegible] to shoot either; thus his back was toward the daughter.

Just as Senora reached the door, the man clutched her tightly. Now was Estelle's opportunity. She had the already picked the stick from the floor, so quickly stepping up behind the man, she brought the weapon down on his unprotected head with all the strength she could muster.

The blow fell true to the mark, and with the slightest groan the man sank to the floor. Without stopping to ascertain how badly he was hurt, the Senorita grasped her mother's hand and almost pulled her through the doorway. She heard voices on the side of the house; this meant for them to take the opposite direction.

Just as they turned the corner of the villainous leader exclaim, just as she passed around the corner:

"Stranded! That cursed American again!" the same voice cried a moment later.

What a magical effect those last words, much fainter than the first had been, had upon the Columbian girl. In an instant she forgot all her own danger.

"That American!" The words could apply to but one person. Was she to run away and leave him in the power of this gang after him so nobly rescuing her from the very same hands but two days before? Even now she believed it was to effect her rescue that he was in the vicinity at all. What else could have brought him there at such a time?

Only a Name
No Money Is Wanted.

Please show this to some person who needs one of these books. Ask him to send me his name.

I will send the book, and with it an order on your nearest druggist for six bottles Dr. Shoop's Restorative. I will tell the druggist to let the sick one take it for a month. If satisfied then pay $5.00. If not, I will pay the druggist myself.

I mean that exactly. I do not always succeed, for sometimes there is a cause, like cancer, which medicine cannot cure. But most of these diseases result from weakened inside nerves; these nerves which alone make every vital organ do its duty. I have spent a lifetime in learning how to strengthen them. My Restorative always does that. I have furnished it to 250,000 people on terms like the above, and 9 out of each 10 have paid for it—because they were cured.

There are 39 chances in 40 that I can cure you or your friend. I will pay all the cost if I don't. Won't you tell me to some sick person who wants to be well?

Simply state which book Book No. 1 on Dyspepsia,
Book No. 2 on the Heart,
you want, and address Dr. Book No. 3 on the Kidneys,
Book No. 4 on Nervousness,
Shoop, Box 28, Racine, Wis. Book No. 5 for Men, (sealed),
Book No. 6 for Women, (sealed).

Mild cases, not chronic, are often cured by one or two bottles. At all druggists.

"Mamma," said Estelle, "did you hear that shot a minute? He said it was the American. It must be Jack"—yes, she accepted him as Jack—"who has fired a shot. One of the other day it would be cowardly for me to run to him here in the power of three wicked men."

"But what could you do for him, child?" asked the mother in surprise.

"At least try to rescue him," replied Estelle, quickly.

"You are nothing but a weak woman."

"Even a weak woman, in the face of duty, can do much to repay a debt of gratitude such I owe that man. Mamma, you start on down the road, and I will run back and get passed the old barn about a mile back? Well, go on, mamma, and I will follow."

"But what if you are again captured by these men?" asked the mother.

"You will still be free to raise an alarm; besides, I am not afraid of being harmed, for—he must not be."

Reluctantly the mother turned and running a few yards, when she looked back, observed between the house and the road, was the leader of the band of robbers.

Then with a whispered prayer that she might be spared the repetition of what had befell Miguel Lasco, the leader of the deserting rebels, utter, did not refer to the American, Estelle, who had constantly been before her vision since their romantic meeting but a few days before, she cautiously crept around the corner of the house.

Not a moment elapsed after she passed the corner from where her mother left her, did Estelle behold the leader of the gang and his companion in the act of lifting the silent form of the man. Lasco held in his hand, the revolver which the other man wore. Then one side a little, and Estelle was enabled to see the features of the prostrate man as the rays of the tiny flame fell across his face.

Although she had expected to see this very face, there yet remained in her beating breast a faint hope that she was mistaken, so it was a shock to the nerves to behold the man she loved in the perfect form of a man. Lasco held in his hand, the revolver which the other man wore. Then one side a little, and Estelle was enabled to see the features of the prostrate man as the rays of the tiny flame fell across his face.

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"My God, it is Jack!" she cried. "My brave American rescuer. How little I thought I would ever have such an opportunity to aid him *in return for* what he did for me. And I will do it! Jack, my brave hero, I have taken a great liking to you, and I would risk my life a hundred times to save you from the hands of those fiends in human form if I had within my power."

Just then Estelle saw the form of one silent form of the man, who had entered her life in such a mysterious manner, move a little, a hand; then his eyes slowly opened, and he raised his head a little, just as the flame of the match burned out.

Both Lasco had retired from his fall and had just gained his feet, when the first man saw him. Ten seconds more and he would have had a revolver about; but those ten seconds were denied him, and before he had taken a step, Lasco struck a club in the hands of Miguel Lasco sent him to the earth—unconscious. It was then that the evil leader uttered the words which altered the purposes of the brave girl and caused her to aid him, and aid this man, almost a stranger to her, who but a few days before could gaze upon her own escape.

As the American raised his head, she was horrified to hear the man with Lasco ask: "Well, Cap, will we fix him while we are at it?"

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If she in slippery seasons would
Scatter ashes on the ice.

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Or,

THE MYSTERY OF A WASHINGTON HOME.

By T. C. HARBAUGH,

Author of "The Arracan Ruby," "Weldon or Eagle Crest," "The Woman in Gray," Etc.

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CHAPTER IX.

THE QUEEN OF RATTLESNAKE.

I thought from my first sight of Granger in Rattlesnake camp that should I need a friend there I would find one in him. There was something in his face that did not belie the interior man; but, for all that, I believe that in either case he was no better than the rest.

Therefore, when he stepped aside in the mountain cabin and left me facing the door outside which I felt stood Tom Meekin and his band I for a moment feared that at the crisis Granger was about to desert me. Perhaps he had thought me to his cabin so as to afford an easier capture by the Bland Band. A thousand wild thoughts swirled through my brain in that brief space of time, and under such circumstances a man will think with the rapidity of light.

I watched the door with feelings which I will not attempt to describe.

It was not left in suspense long for the portal opened and there stepped into the room—a woman!

Tall and superbly built, with a dark face, set with a pair of deep flashing eyes and wearing a garment which reached a trifle below her knees, she looked like some queen of the wild mountains come in judgment.

She was alone.

Glancing at me and then throwing a swift look at Granger, she came forward.

"Is this the man?" she said.

Her glance had returned to me.

"That's the man," answered Granger "That is El Horace Preston from Washington."

A smile appeared at the well chiseled lips of the beautiful woman.

"I must say, Mr. Preston, that Washington would have been the safest place for you."

"There was no denying this. In Washington I had no foes but the Delamars and De Castro. They were civilized people, while I had walked into a den of human tigers and was thousands of miles from home.

"No doubt you are right," said I; "but a man must not think of danger when duty calls me."

"Right you are and duty calls you to Rattlesnake."

"I would not be here if it had not summoned me."

"Very well."

"But it short, May," said Granger, who glanced again at the door.

"I will. You must go with me, Mr. Preston."

"With you?"

"It is a risk whatever you do in Rattlesnake," she went on. "It may end in death, but there's a chance."

A moment's silence followed.

"Am I to be led from the camp—with my mission uncompleted?"

"We'll talk about your mission later on," was the reply. "Just now—"

She paused and crossed the little space intervening between her and Granger.

The pair exchanged half a dozen words in low tones and then the woman came back to me.

"You are armed, Mr. Preston?"

"I am armed."

"Good! Come."

I followed her to the door which she opened and, with another look at Granger, stepped out. Again I felt the wind of night on my face and caught sight of several cabins near which there were lights.

My horse led from the rickety stable and I was told to mount. The woman took hold of the bridle and led the animal away.

Turning abruptly to the left we proceeded some distance over the rough road and in a few minutes it was attended by the same lawlessness of gloom. Not a word fell from the woman's lips.

A mile was traversed when I became conscious that we were descending a hill, and presently I heard the roar of a mountain stream. On, on we went and at last May of Rattlesnake halted.

I fancied that we had descended into the depths of a canyon and, as the wind no longer fanned my face, I did not doubt this.

"I can talk now, both of us can," I heard the woman say. "This is the grave of Pun-Damlin."

In another moment I heard the scraping of a match and, as the little flame shot up, I looked into the woman's face.

She was handsome yet, despite ravages of the life she had led with the men of the mines.

"While we have been expecting you," said she, "I hardly thought you would really venture thus far. It is a dangerous mission. Why, Mr. Preston, the courier brought news of you in advance. Don't you know that Captain Meekin knew you were coming? Are you? You come from where Senator Delamar lives? You are looking up that old crime, aren't you?"

"You mean the crime of the Victoria? Yes."

"It happened here years ago. I was not here then, but I know all about it. Granger told me. He was here then. He was friendly with Pun-Damlin, the Hindoo, but he brought news of other

presented I did not know. The other papers gave an inventory of Monterey's wealth and one in particular interested me. In this paper the dead man said that he distrusted his partner, that he really feared Delamar, and that he had told Pun-Damin some things which that person was to bear witness to if the time came for that. But alas! the dead could not speak, the lips of the man shot down by Tom Meekin were forever sealed, and somewhere amid the darkness of the cavern lay the body of the Hindoo.

I had folded this paper when Granger appeared. He came like a ghost unannounced and suddenly.

Leaning against the wall he stroked his beard and looked at me with a smile on his grim face.

"You should have been down thar," said the mountaineer. "Senator Delamar's man has come."

I nearly sprang to my feet and with difficulty suppressed an exclamation of astonishment.

"Delusioned."

"That's what I take him to be. He came in from Shasta by special conveyance an' went at once to Tim Meekin's shanty."

"Then, I have been followed?"

"Yes."

"What sort of man is he?"

"He has a face like a Spaniard to begin with."

"Dr. Castro!" I cried.

"The name would suit him as well as any for it sounds Spanish," was the reply.

"He must have taken almost the next train out of Washington."

"Likely. Well, he's a keen duck an' looks like the very sort o' man Delamar would entrust with a mission of blood. He ran agin' a snag after he came out o' Tom's."

"Ah!"

"I suppose Cap'n Tom told 'im all about May for he went straight to her cabin an' she met 'im at the door."

"Watching for him, perhaps."

"I think so for that woman is a caution an'

There stepped into the room—a woman!

terror. Wal, this chap walks right up to her an' stops a yard away. After he had looked 'er over he says commandin' like: 'You've got ter keep yer hands off o' affairs in Rattlesnake, senorita.'

"Pretty cool, I think."

"Cool isn't the name for it. The old gal just smiled at 'im, as she only kin smile when she has a trump up her sleeve. 'Who ar' you?' she says just as cool. 'Never mind who I am. I'm speakin' with authority,' he answered. 'You don't want ter interfere with the business Cap'n Meekin is 'tending ter for his master. 'I don't s'pect you do, May. An' you who is his master an' young?' This frustrated the don for a minute, but he didn't throw up his hand. 'I'm empowered ter rule this camp while I'm in it,' he goes on. 'We won't stand any cool-headness. We've goin' ter run things ter suit ourselves here. You kin puck on grit.' He didn't say it in just them words, but he meant all that. For a minute I thought May might give up, but she stepped out into the light an' the next moment Mr. Don war lookin' into the mouth of the deadliest six-shooter in all this region. 'You ar' Senator Delamar's man,' says May from behind her gun. 'He sent you thither ter run things ter suit 'im, an' I'm ter leave Rattlesnake when I please an' not a minute sooner.'

"How did the Spaniard like that?"

"Wal, he looked over the gun for a spell an' saw that the old lady meant business from the ground up. Half o' the camp war watchin' the show an' we all knew that May had the drop on 'im. Suddenly with a black scowl on his face he turned an' left her holdin' the fort all alone. He's thar yet. He knows no doubt that May an' I ar' your friends in this matter an' what will be his next card I can't tell. But it did me good to see May poke her gun into his face, an' if he had tried any monkeyshines thar would have been a funeral in camp."

I could not but admire the coolness of the one woman of Rattlesnake. But most of all I was surprised to hear of Dr. Castro's presence on the ground. That he had trailed me from Washington there was no doubt, but just how the conspirators there learned of my going away was a mystery. No doubt I had been watched by Senator Delamar's spies from the time I began to take an interest in the Violet Monterey case. I was quite sure the president had not betrayed me, and I did not think of this for a moment. I knew he was above treachery.

"With that fellow in camp the hunt will be resumed," said Granger, after a short pause. "Tonight we will outwit the hull gang if they don't git the upper hand by that time. You stay here. It is the safest place an' May will hold her own among the ruffians."

I did not doubt this after hearing what she had just done.

Once more Granger left me and I saw him vanish down the mountain side.

The day went at last and the shades of night came as welcome visitors to me in my retreat. I felt once or twice like going down and joining hands with my friends in Rattlesnake; I longed again to meet the villain I had punished in Washington for no other reason than to show Senator Delamar that I was still alive.

All at once I heard some one coming toward me and as I laid my hand on my weapon, which I carried always ready for an emergency, a woman passed before me.

"The crisis is at hand," said she as I recognized May. "The demon of the Sierras are at work. In a few minutes they will be here."

"Who betrayed me?"

"No one. With the Spaniard's glasses you have been seen at the mouth of the snuff-box and they have waited for night."

"Where is Granger?"

"He has taken your horse to a certain spot, and awaits us there. No time is to be lost. Come! We won't go back through the snuff-box, but this way."

Guided by the cool-headed woman, I started off, the night closing starlit around us and we had not made half a mile when May halted.

"You! Tom Meekin's half sister," she said with a slight chuckle. "He is between us and the horses."

"Is there no other way out?"

"No good one."

"Then—"

"We must fight and run. Don't loose sight of me for your life's sake."

I saw the woman draw her revolver and quickly cock it. Her hand gripped the weapon with stern determination and she leaned forward and tried to pierce the semi-darkness that lay ahead.

The minutes seemed eternity and the silence was as deep as the grave.

Presently I heard a slight sound ahead and May drew forward her right thrust forward and every sense on the alert.

"You have drawn? That's good," she said, looking round at me. "We must waste no powder. They'll be here in a minute. Look where that tree stands on the one right ahead. The starlight shows it."

"I see it," said I.

"There we come. You see they have halted by the tree. The big man is Captain Tom, the other the Spaniard. Keep close to my side."

She spoke with all the coolness of a practiced desperado. I could see the figures at the foot of the tree and was going to speak in low tones to May when she said:

"Ready! When I count three, fire."

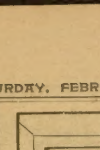
CHAPTER XII.

THE SHADOW OF AZREAL'S WINGS.

My finger was at the easy trigger of the weapon I had brought to the Sierras to be used in case of dire emergency and I knew that the woman beside me was bracing forward her keen eyes devouring the figures at the tree.

I held my breath and waited for her command, but it did not come.

(Continued on page fourteen.)



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Instead I saw the two figures vanish as if the earth had swallowed them.

"You had! They are gone," I heard the woman say. "We shall hear from them later possibly, but for the present danger of the Hill results."

We slipped forward again and made our way through the semi-darkness all the time on the alert for the enemy. That Meekin and Dr. Castro had not given up the hunt I well knew; I should see more of them before I was out of the woods. I did not know where my foes were, but May had said that Granger was with it at a certain place and I hoped soon to reach the faithful animal.

"You have the papers Dick gave you?" asked the woman in her whisper as we glided along.

"Yes."

"Isn't one of them a will?"

"It undoubtedly is."

"Monterey's, eh?"

"Yes."

"And in that will he doesn't leave the Royal Victoria to Delamar?"

"He does not."

"Well, Delamar presented a will and got it just the same. Do you think that Monterey changed his mind so radically as to cut off his wife in Delamar's favor?"

"I cannot believe that he would do so not even after the rumors about her."

"They were false, as false as hades!" cried May of Rattlesnake. "I've investigated that. They made Monterey believe them and then—their deliberately killed him."

"You believe that, too?"

"Certainly. Dick has told you about Pun-Damin the Hindoo. Well, it was the Hindoo poison possessed by the Hindoo that killed Monterey and Pun-Damin was in Shasta at the time. He had followed Dr. Castro. He said so when he came back and you know what followed afterward—Tom Meekin killed him."

I did not speak. It looked dark for Senator Delamar and I wondered what the president would say when he should hear the result of my trip. Should he ever hear of it from my lips? I was still in the toils—still in the best of mountain villages still in the shadow of death, with the dark wings nearly touching my face.

"We are not far from Dick now," said May when we had reached comparatively level ground. "He must be there by this time."

"Stop! I hear him."

We halted simultaneously and listened among the shadows of the night.

For a little while a sound of advancing footsteps came to our ears and then ceased.

"Dick could hardly come from that direction unless he took the Antelope road," said May in lowered tones. "We must not show ourselves till we are sure."

For ten minutes we stood and waited. The noises did not come nearer. I was perplexed and worried and the woman eyed along leaving us in the mazes of uncertainty.

"Wait a moment," she said until I come back," suddenly whispered the woman at my side.

In an instant she was gone and I leaned alone against the tree where I stood. Overcoming the fear that I had of the mountain covered almost to the summit with trees to my left, I found that I was not very wide dangerously dark, and behind me lay the winding trail we had just traveled.

I had no confidence in the woman who had left me. She had already proved a friend and I feared for her right thrust forward the farthest limit.

Suddenly I became aware that some one was coming up the gulch. I could not make out anything but the noises that now assailed my ears told me that there was.

Friend or foe! Instinctively I prepared for the latter and waited.

I felt that it was to be a desperate battle for life within a short time. The coming of Dr. Castro into the wild country, but on my trail and carrying a commission from his future father-in-law Senator Delamar, forboded evil tidings for me. What was my support against the threatened danger? Granger and May? And against them would be pitted the dexterity of Tom Meekin and his band.

For some time I listened to the slight noises in the dark gulch. Perhaps after all they were made by some prowling mountain lion and not by a human foe.

At last I caught sight of something dark moving up the gulch and toward my station. It was not a lion. I could make out the shoulders of a man in the starlight, but in a moment

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Oh, St. Valentine, what a quantity of rot is perpetrated in thy name!

If you are fixed for life the insurance companies will fix you for death.

At 30 a man is anxious for fame; at 50 he is willing to accept money as a substitute.

Girls, if you are afraid to spend an evening alone occasionally don't get married.

Many a woman who knows how to dress herself knows very little about dressing a turkey.

A man will promise a woman anything if she will promise not to interrupt him when he is reading.

Job had his patience sorely tried, but he never lost his collar button at an inopportune time.

Ask a girl for a corkscrew and if she brings you a gimlet her market value is away above par.

The man who wants to prove everything he says advertises the fact that his word isn't to be credited.

Paris refuses to allow buildings more than four stories high, but Chicago is not Paris and never wants to be.

The man who is made of the stuff used in the construction of heroes never calls another man a coward.

Some men have the faculty of seizing common occasions and converting them into extraordinary opportunities.

Many a sensible woman falls in love merely for the purpose of convincing some fool man of her ability to do so.

If the phoenix of common sense rises from the ashes of a fool's money the conflagration has not been in vain.

When nature begins to assist a man by parting his hair in the middle he gets contrary and tries to part it on the side.

The man who accompanies his wife to church every Sunday may not be a Christian, but he is not the meanest man in the world.

When the new glass company and the glass trust get to throwing stones at each other prudent persons will take the other side of the street.

Kaiser Wilhelm's decree that Prince Henry shall speak only English while in America may also lessen the Prince's popularity among the Irish to a certain extent.

The Prussian government is figuring on buying a coal mine for the purpose of fighting the coal trust. If the trusts dig their own graves they cannot make a row about having to occupy them.

Berenice, The Beautiful.

The Tragedy of a Luckless Marriage --- Love That Seemed Too Late---Out of the Depths.

By JEANNE STODDERT.

(Copyright by W. D. Boyce Co.)

Begun in No. 52, Dec. 28. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be procured from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

After Maurice had left Aunt Celia came to comfort Berenice, but had little success. She could not get over the depression.

"Mrs. Dean brought the flowers," said Theresa, entering the room with some beautiful white roses which she had arranged in a vase, "and it you are well enough, would like to see you."

"Oh, how sweet of her!" said Berenice, reaching for the flowers. "You may show her up to my room."

Every evening since she had been ill, Anna Dean had called at the back door to inquire after her, but this was the first time she had asked to see Berenice. She feared a scene with her old enemy, the doctor. She was with her when Theresa called and as Mary stooped and lifted the little one to her lap, Mrs. Dean was struck with the resemblance between the two.

She had much to tell Berenice about the progress of the new church. Christmas was approaching, they planned great festivities for the holidays.

"I did not expect to see Miss Mary," said Mrs. Dean, smiling.

"Oh," said Berenice, concluded that I might have a governess this year, explained Mary. "You know I am dreadfully behind for one of my years, and way behind all other girls of my age. I used to take me to at home from school and help whenever a new baby came to Mrs. McAfee's and that put me behind. I have only just started books. Just my reader, the bible, Shakespeare, and Dora's Secret. Did you ever read Dora's Secret, Mrs. Dean? It's just lovely. You ought to read it. I know lots of Shakespeare's stories by heart. Jim and me used to play we were actors and we'd pretend in Mrs. McAfee's wedding dress, or gown, I mean; it was a green silk one, with a long trail and a sash. But mamma says she'll be laughing at us acting like real stage people. Cousin Berenice is going to take me to see a—a real drama when she gets well. I like Romeo and Juliet. Would you? Would I like to see that? But Jim didn't like it. He said it was enough to kill the cat or give it the willys. He liked Macbeth, scared them all when I was that wicked lady. Oh, I was just awful, and so was Jim. But I'm studying French now and I am learning to play on the piano. Mamma has that best. Daddy, or Doctor Page, I mean, says I had better keep on studying about English first before I study French and I told him it was all his fault that I didn't know more about it when he kept still."

Mary's prattle always cheered Berenice, and when Mrs. Dean rose to take her departure, she was feeling in much better spirits. She had not met Anna Dean before, wore a troubled look as she learned of Doctor Montelle's illness.

Hurrying home with the child she returned when night had fallen and slipping in the back door, went up stairs to see that her remain until the young doctor's return. Doctor Page need not know that she was in the house; she would keep out of his way.

"I think your fears are unfounded, Mrs. Dean, but you can remain if you wish. The doctor seems very anxious to make amends for his past conduct and is showing his wife every consideration. I believe he is really repentant, for he seemed very much distressed over Berenice's illness and her sickness makes him very unhappy. But she constantly refuses to look at or to speak to him. I do not believe he divorces myself and would like to see them reunited again; but if I see that I cannot bring the subject to Berenice it throws her into such a passion. I have no idea that anything she can do will ever impress her. She says so far as he is concerned there is nothing left in her to appeal to, and refuses to discuss the possibility of such a thing. What it is all coming to, or what will be the end, I am sure that I cannot tell; such a hatred as the doctor and his wife entertain for each other is dreadful! Dreadful! Maurice does not talk with me, he may ask any old-fashioned notions about forgiving again and again, as the dear Lord tells us, in Jerusalem, but he is as rash he will bring us all to trouble by insisting upon this divorce. Doctor Page has been away for a few days," she continued "but we expect him back at any time. I will send Theresa to look after you, Mrs. Dean. I must return to Berenice, she is so nervous since Maurice left."

The next day Doctor Page put in an appearance early in the morning. Berenice at the door of his wife's sitting room, inquired very tenderly about her health. His whole manner displayed a confident and intrepid candor.

Without so much as glancing toward him, Berenice continued her reading.

He appeared to feel very much hurt at her continued coldness and bewailed his fate to Aunt Celia, to whose sympathies no one ever appealed in vain.

After he had talked with her for some time, she sought Berenice, urging her to forget and forgive, saying that it was sinful to be so resentful.

"How can I ever forget? How shall I ever forget until I am dead?" said Berenice. "I never want to be approached on this subject again. If he had only remained away. We were all so happy and the time of my divorce would soon have rolled around. I hate him, Aunt Celia. I hate him intensely, unchangeably! I will never forgive, never forget! Then you know any alternative is better than such a life. It is positive degeneration. I cannot understand why you would favor it."

When dinner was over Doctor Page announced his intention of attending the club and shortly left the house.

Sometime after Aunt Celia slipped into Berenice's room and seeing that she was sleeping soundly, sought Anna Dean in the adjoining room.

Complaining that she felt drowsy, she cautioned Mrs. Dean to secure the door to Berenice's room before she slept and soon left Anna Dean, who sat by the table with a book, promised to carry out the instructions and continue her reading. But ten minutes later the book fell from her hand and she was fast asleep in the chair.

By ten o'clock the lights were out and all were sleeping soundly.

A few minutes later the little doctor slipped back cautiously into the house. It was his butler's evening out and he knew no servant was anywhere around. He waited for about half an hour, then crept stealthily up the stairway. He paused after reaching the landing to listen, but no sound save that of heavy breathing met the stillness. He stood before Aunt Celia's door for a moment, then passed on to Mary's.

Upon hearing the heavy breathing of each Aunt Theresa's room, he congratulated himself upon his success in drugging the wine, and stepped cautiously along to his wife's chamber. It would have been no trouble for him to turn the key in the lock, but to his surprise, he found that he had no been secured.

Just as he stepped into her bed room, Berenice turned on her pillow, but was soon lost in dreamland again.

Taking a handkerchief from his pocket, he saturated it with chloreform and held it over her face.

She opened her eyes and seeing him, started up with a cry, struggled for a moment, but almost instantly lost consciousness and fell back upon her pillow.

Softly closing the door on the next room, he drew a letter from his pocket; the letter which he had written to Maurice on the day which had been nestly and carefully preserved. Having left it lying beside her bed, he closed every window and after opening every gas jet in the room, took the handkerchief from her face, closed the door behind him, and was soon out of the house.

He hurried to the club, and while talking at his cleverness.

"A plan worthy of suicide," he chuckled to himself. "I little supposed upon my return from the west that fortune would play into my hands so nicely—that the scheme which came into my mind for this riddance and send word to Maurice of the country would work so successfully. What a fool I was to have thought of it at once and before Maurice came. The young fellow might have done some trouble if he knows anything about the letter, but he seems to be perfectly ignorant of it and I do not think she will ever dare to have him know."

Her Aunt Celia had let fall at the time of Berenice's illness that she had made no will and this had also added to his favor. He had hoped that she might die, but since she did not and in every case, which he had no though of contesting, would soon come up, there was no time to lose. Maurice had left on the afternoon train. Now Berenice would surely die.

CHAPTER XVIII.

After Maurice had taken the train for Boston, he telegraphed ahead to learn his friend's condition and was greatly relieved for the message.

When he was handed him, he hurriedly tore away the envelope while his quick eye read the words: "Out of danger. Will recover."

Drawing a sigh of relief, his thoughts soon centered on Berenice. She, too, had promised to telegraph him at this point, but there was no message. Perhaps there would be at the next stop. But receiving none at each stop grew very uneasy, and was almost persuaded to turn back since his presence was not needed at his father's bedside.

"Well, I had better make up my mind," he thought, as he stretched himself in a seat getting farther away all the time. I suppose I am foolish."

He traveled on for several hours but still feeling greatly perturbed in mind, finally concluded to turn back and hurried from the train as it was pulling out at a station. As luck would have it, a train would be along in twenty minutes.

After he had once started on the return trip he grew very impatient, fretting at every stop and did not draw a full breath until the train at last pulled in the depot.

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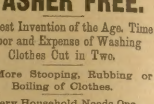

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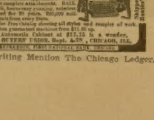

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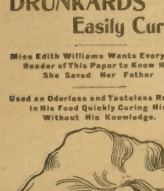

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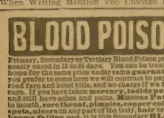

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Berenice the Beautiful.

(Continued.)

Upon reaching the house and finding everything quiet, he felt a trifle relieved as he inserted the latch key.

But after entering, a cold horror came into his heart as he at once detected the strong odor of gas.

"My God, what does it mean?" he said, as he sprang up the stairs and groped his way in the dark to Berenice's chamber.

The rooms were filled with the deadly odor, while a low and constant moan came from the bedside. Quickly raising her in his arms, he carried her to a rear room and opened a window. Why was no one aroused? Were they all suffering from the effects of the gas.

Berenice was near death. Her moaning had now ceased.

For some time he worked over her without any apparent signs of returning life, when suddenly she started up and partially raised her body on her elbow. Her unseeing eyes were wide open, glaring white the dark hair fell about her pallid face. Her limbs and body were stiffened; he could not get her out of the uncomfortable position. It was a horrible picture for his eyes.

Finally the muscles relaxed and she fell back upon the pillow moaning and tossing as though she were in frightful agony as she writhed, twisted her hands and clutched at her flesh.

Feeling that she would revive, Maurice left her for a moment and hurried to turn off the escaping gas and open the window. All the doors were closed between, the fumes probably reached no further than member of the family. After all it was best not to waken any of the household as they did not know of the suicide, as he supposed it to be.

After some time Berenice slowly opened her eyes and looked at him with a dreamy, half-conscious look. Then with a bright beaming and staring wildly about her, she started up, and throwing both her arms around the neck as she trembled with fear said:

"I am not dead then after all? He did not kill me? Save me from him; oh, Maurice, save me!"

"You have nothing to fear," he said, as he endeavored to calm her. "It was but an accident or did you purposely turn on the gas?"

"No, no, Maurice," she said, shuddering, "it was chloroform. Oh, the murder in his eye! The cruel wretch! He has not got it?"

"My God!" said Maurice, his breath coming hard. "This is his work, then. And you were awake and realized the crime? How horrible!"

Only for a moment. But, oh, the torture of that moment! I made no sound as he held the cloth firmly over my mouth. I could make no resistance. He was stronger than my death. And you found and saved me! Oh, my darling, my darling!"

Her arms fell from his neck. She was weak with fright and exhaustion.

He spent some time in trying to soothe her, then went back to the room where he had found her, and after lighting the gas, took a letter from the table.

"To you this is addressed," he said, as he stood under the light to examine it.

Presently he heard a stealthy step in the hall and the next moment the doctor peeped in at the door.

Upon seeing Maurice, the small man's face turned to an ashen hue and he trembled visibly, finally entirely betraying himself, asked:

"What does all this mean?"

In a moment Maurice was upon him. Clutching his throat, he said, in a thundering voice: "I smother your every hope to come. You hellish fiend!"

The little man struggled with all his might to free himself and finally tearing Maurice's hands from his throat, begged piteously for his life.

"You are killing an innocent man," he gasped. "For God's sake, Maurice, believe me; I swear I know nothing about this.

"Die, dog!" said Maurice, as his fingers closed in a terrible grip upon the slender throat. His face grew hideous in its contortions. The blood surged to the cheeks, and the gurgling in the throat as the form became limp told that death had come. It was the struggle between the their unmatched strength.

Hastily laying the body into the bath room just off, Maurice went back to Berenice.

The cold wind blowing through had quite revived her, but she was very weak and nervous. After talking with her for a time, he again left her, telling her on no account to leave her room, but to close and lock after the others and see that they were all right.

For a few seconds he stood in the dimly lighted hall, thinking. His brain seemed on fire. What to do with the body?

After deciding to lock it in the closet off his room until night, when he could get it out, he passed his hand on the knob, when suddenly a terrible thought came into his mind. Not of fear, but of horror! He was a murderer! And yet, he would kill him ten times over.

Opening the door to where he had kicked the body in the bath room, it was lying there like one bereft of his senses. It was not there.

"Humph! He seems to have some of the elements of the vanquished cat!" he muttered. "Well, it only gives me another chance at him," he thought, and grinding his teeth he started in search of the fiend.

Suddenly, as he turned a corner in the hallway, he heard the sharp click of a revolver, as it gleamed in the hand of the fiendish little doctor a few feet in front of him.

He stood at the head of the stairs with the weapon aimed straight for Maurice's heart.

Just as he was about to pull the trigger a shadowy hand swept out from the semi-darkness and knocked it aside. Then with a mighty thrust in the breast sent him heading down the stairway.

As his head struck, the last step, an awful groan escaped him.

Maurice bounded down the stairs after him, but seeing that he made no attempt to get up, concluded that he must have received the discharge from the revolver and stooped to make an examination.

He was lying almost on his face. He took him by the shoulder and turned him over and after feeling his heart made a closer examination.

"Dead!" he said, as he straightened and looked at the lifeless form. "His neck is broken!"

"Thank God!" said Anna Dean, as she calmly peered in the face of the dead man. "You saved my life," said Maurice.

Aunt Celia now came upon the scene, shivering in her night clothes, with a shawl drawn tightly across her shoulders.

Upon seeing the white face of the corpse she shrieked:

"Dead! Dead! And who killed him?"

Next came Berenice, groping her way along the dimly lighted passage to the head of the stairs.

She stood with blanched countenance staring down upon the scene below. They did not know of her presence. She shuddered, staggered, and caught at the railing. At last she gasped, "Anna—did you say?"

He turned and started toward her. "It was an accident," he began to explain, but Anna Dean interrupted him.

"No; I killed him! This is my deed! At last my wrongs are avenged!"

CHAPTER XIX.

His death caused no stir and no suspicion in the public mind. The story set afloat by the family of a misstep in the dark, was easily credited.

When his body was taken from the house, where his presence had been such a welcome, Berenice did not attempt to affect a grief she could not feel. And while she was conscious of a mingled sense of horror at the tragedy and rejoicing at her release she gave no outward sign. She was impassive through all.

The color of mourning, and the bewilderment of her tortured feelings and it pained him deeply to think that so much beauty and goodness must be brought thus early to face the shadows, the cruel problems and tragedies of life.

For a few weeks after this event a mysterious cloud seemed to have settled over the home where such scenes had been enacted. Then, gradually, the spell broke. Berenice began to feel the invigorating sense of freedom from the fetters which had so long oppressed her, a new gladness shone in her eyes and revealed itself in her manner. In talking through the doctor's papers, Maurice was greatly surprised to learn that he possessed a wealth. He had it scattered through so many banks his investments would puzzle him.

He left no will and Berenice at once decided to pay back to Mrs. Dean the twenty thousand dollars which he had robbed her and as much to the crippled child. The remainder to Maurice. He would never touch a penny of his ill-gotten gains.

Mary suggested paying Mrs. McAfee for her care and support, and wrote a check, which must have cheered and lightened the heart of the kind old Scotch woman.

A few mornings later, when returning from a drive with Berenice, a look childish delight in the jingling sleigh bells, Berenice bought Maurice.

She found him in the study, looking through other letters and papers which he had discovered in the drawer of the doctor's large desk.

Old love letters from women, pleading letters, threatening letters—all kinds and colors. Also a large package of receipts and a few late business letters.

"You look like a school girl," said Maurice as Berenice stood before him in her fur coat and cap with sparkling eyes and glowing cheeks, the picture of health and happiness.

Tossing her arms to Theresa, Berenice seated herself beside him.

"I will be a girl before, when you have cleared away all this rubbish; it is very distasteful. What have you there?" she asked, as he picked up a woven wallet.

"Old receipts," he answered, carelessly, as he began to look them over.

Berenice sat toying with a letter, then happening to glance at the superscription and seeing that it was of recent date, took from the envelope.

Maurice had walked to the phone to answer a message.

When he returned he found her standing by the desk staring wildly at the pages of the letter which she still held in her hand. I hear her labored breathing while her features looked ghastly pale, drawn as with one terrible pain and emotion.

As it fell from her fingers she gasped, clutched at her throat and dropped back into the chair.

Trembling violently and in a low voice of terror she pointed to the letter.

"Read it," she said. Then in terrible agony wailed: "My mother! My God!"

Further chapters of this charming story will appear next week, leading the characters into highly interesting situations. Many unexpected developments occur and terms will find announcement of the same on pages thirteen and fifteen.

Ancient Dogs of War.

Th "dogs of war" have been more than a figure of speech for thousands of years. They were used in Egypt in the year 400 B. C. Xenophon, the Grecian and other fighting nations of antiquity depended much on them for sentinel and defense purposes. In the middle ages they are said to have even worn armor. Like the foxes with the Philistines, sometimes packs of them with pots of fire on their backs, carried flames and destruction into the beleaguered town or camp. The Spanish discoverers used bloodhounds in tracking the Indians in this country, and dogs were likewise, it is stated, made of service by our armies in the Philippines.

Quite the Reverse.

Physician—Is this a case of long standing, madam?

Fair Patient—No, indeed, doctor. I have not been on my feet for nearly a week.

HOGS ARE HIGHER

GET READY FOR THE BOOM BY BREEDING NOW. . . .

THE FACT THAT THE O.I.C.'S ARE LESS LIABLE TO DISEASE IS ATTRACTING LOTS OF ATTENTION. WE SEND A SAMPLE PAIR OF OUR FAMOUS O.I.C.'S FOOR OF TIME AND ALLOW YOUR AGENCY. TWO OF THESE FAMOUS HOGS WEIGHED 2000 LBS. WRITE TODAY.

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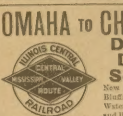

New line via Council Bluffs, Fort Dodge, Waterloo, Dubuque and Rockford. Buffet-

library-smoking-cars, sleeping-cars, free reclining chair cars, dining cars. Send to the undersigned for a free copy of **Pictures and Notes En Route** illustrating this new line as seen from the car window. Tickets of agents of I.C.R.R. and connecting lines. J. H. HANNFORD, Gen. Pass. Agt., Chicago.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

FREE TO WEAK MEN.

A Discovery of a Remedy Has Been Made That Restores Lost Manhood and Gives Man the Vitality of a Lion.

One Week's Trial Package Sent Free to All Men Who Write for It.

Regenerative Tablets is the only recognized positive and permanent cure for Lost Manhood in all its forms and stages.

It is scientifically prepared by the best chemists in the world. The reputation of the institution is such, that all physicians know when they stand sponsor for a remedy, that remedy must be exactly as represented. And when such their reputation, the make the statement that Regenerative Tablets will

cure all cases of Lost Manhood, Spermatorrhea, Varicocele, weakness of any nature of the nerves or sexual organs, they accept that statement as a challenge. This company will send every person a free sample package of Regenerative Tablets, a one week's treatment absolutely free, so that you may test the wonderful medicine and that in the results which are obtained from the use of the same the danger for which it is prepared it is a true remedy. Address at once, Regenerative Tablets Co., 528 Pennent Building, St. Louis, Mo., and receive the week's treatment free. Their book which is also free and sent with the free treatment will explain how to take the treatment in private and cure yourself at home.

MUST BE SHOWN.

Coffee Drinkers Require Proof.

When persons insist on taking some kind of food or drink that causes disease it is not fair to blame a Doctor for not curing them.

Coffee keeps thousands of people sick in spite of all the Doctor can do to cure them. There is but one way to get well. That is to quit coffee absolutely; a great help will be to shift over to Postum Food Coffee.

A case of this kind is illustrated by Mrs. E. Kelly, 235-6th Ave., Newark, N. J., who says, "I have been ailing for about eight years with bilious trouble and indigestion. Every doctor told me to give up coffee. I laughed at the idea of coffee hurting me, until about three years ago I was taken very bad and had to have the doctor attend me regularly.

The Doctor refused to let me have coffee, but prescribed Postum Food Coffee. I soon got to making it so well that I could not tell the difference in taste between Postum and the common coffee.

I began to improve right away and have never had a bilious spell since, giving up coffee and taking on Postum. When I started I weighed 108 pounds, now I weigh 130. My friends ask what has made the change and, of course, I tell them it was leaving off coffee and taking up Postum.

I know husband will never go back to the old fashioned coffee again. You can use my name if you print this letter for I am not ashamed to have the public know just what I have to say about Postum and what it has done for me."

He Knew Her.

"In your story of this wedding," criticised the city editor, "you say 'the bride left the altar.' You should have written that she 'was led to the altar.'"

"Is that so?" retorted the new reporter, conscious of being on firm ground. "It happened that I know that bride. She is 38 years old, and it is a cinch that she led all the way."

Ample Proof.

Judge (in breach-of-promise case)—You claim to have been temporarily insane when you proposed to the plaintiff.

Defendant—Yes; your honor.

Judge—Can you prove it?

Defendant—I can, your honor, if you will cause the plaintiff to remove her veil so the jury can see her face.

Self Home Treatment for Ladies.

I will send free, with full instructions, some of this simple preparation for the cure of Leucorrhœa, Ulceration, Displacements, Falling of the Womb, Scanty or Painful Periods, Tumors or Growths, Hot Flashes, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Nervousness, Pain in the Back, and all Female Troubles. I will send it free to mothers of suffering daughters. I will explain a successful Home Treatment. If you decide to use it at once, it will only cost about twelve cents a week to guarantee a cure. I do not wish to sell you anything. Tell other sufferers of it; this is all I ask. Address, Mrs. M. Summers, Box 636, Notre Dame, Ind.

On a Dog.

"They're thinking now of reversing the usual process and first trying plays in New York before taking them out on the road."

"What's the idea?"

"Well, if a play succeeds in New York the rest of the country will know it's rotten."

Defined.

Willie Boerum—Uncle Will, what is platonic affection?

Bachelor Uncle (crustily)—Um! Er—well, before most young people are married they are dead in love with each other, but platonic affection is the sort of affection they have for each other after they have been married a few years.

A CURE FOR ASTHMA.

Asthma sufferers need no longer leave home and business in order to be cured. Nature has produced a vegetable remedy that will permanently cure Asthma and all diseases of the lungs and bronchial tubes. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases (with a record of 99 per cent. permanently cured), and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free to all who have Consumption, Asthma, Catarrh, Bronchitis or Throat Affections, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Send stamp naming this paper. W. A. Noyes, 847 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

An Absurdity.

"Suppose," said the friend, who had been reading Enoch Arden, "that you went away on a sea voyage and came back and found that your wife had married another man?"

"That's an absurd proposition," answered Mr. Meekton. "Henrietta would never be so careless with me as to let me go away on a sea voyage."

"The Shade of the Palm."

The C. H. & D. Ry. have in effect through car service between Chicago and Detroit to St. Augustine, Fla. This offers Northern Tourists excellent service to their Southern Homes.

In Self-Defense.

"Have you a match?" asked the chronic borer who had dropped into the busy man's office for a chat. "My cigar has gone out."

"It seems to have the advantage of you," remarked the busy man.

"How's that?" queried the c. b.

"It knows its place," replied the b. m.

A Poor Sort of Heaven.

Fair Arrival—May I have a crown of the latest style?

St. Peter—Fashions never change here.

Fair Arrival—Dear me! I have made a mistake and come to the wrong place. I thought this was heaven.

Only the Truth.

Tramp—Lady, could yer help a poor man out fust his whiskers in the revolution?

Lady—You don't mean to say that you were in the revolutionary war?

Tramp—No'm; a revolutionary electric fan.

THE BARBER SCORED.

1. The India-rubber-faced man from the circus—I reckon this is a dead snap for me. There was never a barber born yet who could get his razor into the crevices of my countenance.

2. And he sorter smiled a cunning smile as he sauntered in and requested a first-class shave.

3. But when the barber placed him in his patent chair, which pinioned his arms, and tied his lips tightly on to the business end of a bicycle inflator—

4. And inflated him up to such a point that there were no wrinkles visible on his otherwise corrugated face—well, he began to see there were methods in "artistic barbery" he had not hitherto dreamed of.

The Costly Keep.

"I have had built no fewer than four steam yachts," exclaimed the Trillionaire. "The first sunk when she was launched; the second blew up on her trial trip; the third was run down by a ferryboat the first time she went to sea; the fourth has just burned at the dock before her machinery was fairly installed."

"Well?" said I.

"If I can't keep a steam yacht, of course I shall die rich!" and he let the tears trickling down his furrowed cheek.

An Appropriate Remark.

"I dub thee knight!" said the King, lightly swatting on the apex of his intellectual cantaloupe with the flat of a sword the pale-green son of a gouty old nobleman who had never done anything more meritorious than just live.

And His Royal Adiposity was eminently correct, for the young man was indeed a dub.

AGENTS WANTED

DON'T SET HENS The sure old way when you've got 100 eggs to hatch. Send 10c. for 1900 model wooden hen. Will hatch 100 chicks every time. Postpaid. Big profits selling Incubators. Reliable Incubator & Brooder Co., Dept. 1, Quincy, Ill., or Dept. 1, Columbus, Neb.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

$20 A WEEK Straight salary and expenses to men with rig to introduce our Poultry Specialties to country people. Permanent. Address, with stamp, Monarch Mfg. Co., Box 1498 Boston, Mass.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

MADE $105 THE FIRST MONTH

Write FRED. BLODGETT, of Mt. Vernon, Ind., who made $105 the first month selling our goods. Write H. M. ANDERSON of Iowa, who made $50 in one day. Hundreds doing likewise. No cap. pos. Big pay daily. Staple line, sells to every family. Sample outfit, metal goods with gold, silver and nickel plating, Emerson Building. We teach you FREE. G. GRAY & CO., Plating Works, 2 Miami Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

COLD WATCH FREE.

Here is a beautiful, American movement solid gold-filled, dust-proof, stem-wind and stem-set watch, for ladies or gents, fully guaranteed, given absolutely free for selling our Soaps. Would you like to have this elegant watch? In the first place you must write us a postal card and we will explain our special offer to your satisfaction. Send your name and address and we will do the rest. We guarantee all goods we offer to sell on 15 cents profit. Don't send us a penny, but write us a postal card and we will send you a fully guaranteed 5-method movement watch free.

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We ship on approval and 10 days' free trial to any one in the U. S. without a cent deposit in advance. Pay the freight and don't buy unless you find our statements correct.

1902 Models, $9 to $15

1900 & '01 Models, best maker, $7 to $12

Good Second-hand Wheels $3 to $6

We sell the highest grade bicycles made, and handle no others. Write for our free catalogue and special offer.

RIDER AGENTS WANTED in every town to ride and exhibit sample wheel furnished by us at wholesale price.

A BICYCLE FREE distributing our catalogues among your friends. For special offer address at once

MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. 53 CHICAGO, ILL.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

GET BIG MAIL Would you like to get lots of mail? Would you like to get lots and lots of letters and packages? If so, send this advertisement and 10c. to Fuller & Fuller, Indianapolis, Ind., and they will send you the names of 1,000 manufacturers, jobbers, importers, wholesalers and publishers in every business and address in the United States, including the names of 1,000 mail order dealers. Send now, before this list is sold. Names and addresses are sold to agents and are quite expensive. This list is the largest and most complete ever published, and is arranged in alphabetical order. We send these Directory lists to subscribers for good names to use in sending out circulars and mail matter. Your name of arranging these names in alphabetical order is a great saving of time and labor. Don't delay, as we expect a large demand for this Directory. Remember, 10c. is the price. Send stamps if more convenient. Finally as this printer will not make a mistake, be sure to write your name and address and state plainly where to mail the list you will receive by you will reach you without fail. Don't forget to send 10c. for this list of names. Don't forget to send 10c. for this list of names. Don't forget to send 10c. for this list of names

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Great Play.

"How did you like that play, 'The Moonshiner's Revenge?'"

"It was great. When I went out between the acts and my wife said she thought she detected whisky, I told her it came from the stills on the stage."

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE HEALING.

ONE MILLION CURED CASES.

You Can Be Cured Whether You Believe in Christian Science or Not.

Over a million cures of disease in every form are now to the credit of Christian Science Healing. Most of these were cases that the doctors had given up as "incurable." Many more were chronic maladies that had baffled their skill for years. All were quickly cured; some were cured instantly. The evidence on these facts is simply indisputable, and the curing still goes on. There can be no mistake or misstatement about it. The healers and their work are in the public view. As a C. S. healer my many marvelous cures have startled the world. During the past 13 years I have healed diseases of almost every known kind and in every stage of severity. They included many surgical cases where operations were otherwise threatened. I cured cases that were far away from me, as well as those near at hand. And I tell you in like manner that wherever you may dwell and whatever be your bodily ailment, or whether one or many physicians have failed to give you relief, if you report the case to me and so desire, you shall be cured. This is in vain or idle promise. My past success fully justifies it. You can be cured whether you believe in Christian Science or not. You can be cured whether in this city or thousand of miles away from me. In our Christian Science Healing distance is of no account; disbelief is not any hindrance; disappointments of the past only make stronger grounds for hope. All you really need in the wish to be healed.

I have just published a little book in regard to this blessed truth called "A Message of Health and Healing." If you write to me I will gladly send you a Copy Free. It gives many interesting facts and convincing testimonials. Enclose 2-cent stamp for postage. S. A. Jefferson, C. S. D., Suite 601, 112 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Doing His Duty.

First Microbe—Hollo, Biff! What are you doing on that doorknob? Why! you'll starve to death!

Second Microbe—I know it. But the scientists say I live here, so, of course, I do!

The Handsomest Calendar of the Season.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Co., has issued a beautiful Calendar in six sheets 12x14 inches, each sheet having a ten color picture of a popular actress—reproductions of water colors by Leon Moran. The original paintings are owned by and the Calendars are issued under the Railway Company's copyright. A limited edition will be sent at 25 cents per calendar of six sheets. Will be mailed on receipt of price.

P. A. Miller,
General Passenger Agent, Chicago.

Sad Havoc.

Western Man—We had a terrible conflagration in Dugout City last week. Only seventeen houses left standing.

Eastern Man—My goodness! How many were there before the fire?

Western Man—Nineteen.

A Woman's Discovery.

I have discovered a positive cure for all female diseases and ailments, no matter how severe. Will cure the worst case in either sex, or any of the diseases peculiar to women, no matter of how long standing. Within three days after using will positively send a free box of the remedy to every sufferer. Address MRS. C. H. MILLER, Box 28, Edmond, Ind.

Agony of a Rural Shave.

A party of Restonians who had been hunting in the northern woods arrived the other day, and after warming up over a good dinner lighted their cigars and told some stories. The leader of the party unburdened himself in the following manner:

"I have been up in a sporting camp for the past ten days and have had more fun than a troop of monkeys, with plenty of good things of this earth and some to spare. But one can't have a picnic all the time, so we reluctantly turned our backs on the cabin and shack, out on the hot tote path for civilization. We had not seen a barber since leaving home, and when we reached the settlement the first man we looked for was a hair extractor to present him with our ten days' growth of wool.

"After a diligent inquiry among the natives we learned that the settlement boasted of one whisker manipulator, who was an artist in his line. He was also a coroner, justice of the peace, game warden, harness maker, and drove the town hearse. In fact, he was the biggest man, by all odds, for miles around.

"After getting his street address, location and telephone number, we started out to find the tonsorial wonder. Way over back of the station we saw signs of barberism in the shape of a shanty with a thing over the door which looked like a stick of sassafras candy, and bearing the words 'Ebenezer Newcomb, Tonsorial Artist, Shaving 10 cents. Hair Cutting, 15 cents.'

"In answer to our inquiry this hewer of wool within the coop said, 'Yes, gentlemen, the barber is in. I am the man you're looking for.' We beheld a husky looking individual, dressed in a blue flannel shirt and corduroy pants, and his feet encased in moccasins. He had a hand like a sugar-cured ham, a grip like a pair of tongs, and he could swear in the most 'artistic' fashion I ever heard. He said he fought in the war with Spain, and had learned his trade while in camp in Cuba.

"He 'run' one chair, which evidently came from the wreck of Noah's ark, and there sential to a good shave, he clutched me by the ear with one hand, told me to keep my eye on a hand grenade which hung on the wall, and with the other drew the razor down over my cheek. It sounded like ripping the selvage off from a piece of overall cloth. Talk about the atrocities practiced on the Christians by the Boxers! It was nothing compared with that shave. Why, he would round the hair up in bunches and extract it by the roots like transplanting strawberry plants. He chased up and down my face and removed every blithmark.

"The towel was scented with turpentine, and after a few slaps with it he pronounced the job finished. With a loud call for 'next,' number two took my place, but before doing so he asked me in a stage whisper, 'How is he, Tom?' and I answered him that I never had such a shave in my life.

"The barber waded through the party

AS TO TOBOGGANING.

It's just a whizz!
Tobogganing is—
And not like the good old sleigh,
You have to hold on.
Or else you are gone.
Toboggans are modeled that way.

It's just a whizz!
Tobogganing is—
With more walking back than there's play.
In sleigh rides by-gone
We had to hold on.
But we didn't hold on to the sleigh.

was a cracked mirror, an heirloom handed down for generations and of a pattern much prized by antiquarian societies, a bottle with a sprinkler top which looked like pepper sauce, and a stained, frayed towel. A few papers of the vintage of 1866 on a rickety table and a couple of ten-penny nail kegs with a plank across them completed the outfit.

"We lined up along the wall and waited our turn. I was the first victim. I crawled into the chair while the barber danced a double shuffle and kept time with an old horn-handled razor on a suspender hung from the wall. Next he lathered me, and I claimed then and do now that he must have been a mason, because he slapped on the suds just the way a man plasters a room.

"After attending to all the details so essential to a good shave, he clutched me by the ear with one hand, told me to keep my eye on a hand grenade which hung on the wall, and with the other drew the razor down over my cheek. It sounded like ripping the selvage off from a piece of overall cloth. Talk about the atrocities practiced on the Christians by the Boxers! It was nothing compared with that shave. Why, he would round the hair up in bunches and extract it by the roots like transplanting strawberry plants. He chased up and down my face and removed every blithmark.

"The towel was scented with turpentine, and after a few slaps with it he pronounced the job finished. With a loud call for 'next,' number two took my place, but before doing so he asked me in a stage whisper, 'How is he, Tom?' and I answered him that I never had such a shave in my life.

"The barber waded through the party until his floor resembled a mattress factory and we looked like relics of a dynamite explosion. We escaped from that shop with our lives and that's all. When we get back to Boston we shall have to wrap our faces in quilts and live as exiles until the skin grows out."

On the Safe Side.

Mrs. Neighborn—I have the recipe for a pudding that will keep for a week.

Mrs. Homer—Mine keeps longer than that. My husband refuses to eat it.

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A woman oft drives men to drink,
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Perhaps she cannot drive a tack,
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REAPING THE WHIRLWIND

Oath-Bound Under the Black Flag--Story of Love and Daring in the Chinese Empire.

By ANNA L. SMITH,
Author of "Duchess of the Looms," "Cast Up by the Sea," Etc.
(Copyright by W. D. Boyce Co.)

Begun in No. 47, Nov. 23. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be procured from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XXXI.--Continued.

The unnatural son listened to the pleadings and curses unmoved and with the implacable expression of a grim Druid priest at the altar, or more diabolical still, the brazen visage of a Boxer.

"Have you done?"

Don Emilio asked the question in a harsh, incisive whisper, a sardonic smile playing like a tongue of flame beneath his glossy, black mustache.

"All in vain are your prayers for mercy; your maledictions are useless, for you must die; you, whose lips have betrayed the secret of a greater crime. Hazelio was my brother, and you murdered her; she died by the wooden collar and at your hand——"

"It is false; another was her executioner."

"Maledetto!" interrupted Don Emilio, spitting hatira. "She died by your order. Your death alone can seal your lips with regard to my birth, for I assure you I will never part with a coin of what I have to gain; through your death I become Count Varlano, by right of succession."

"You forget you must prove my death," groaned Count Varlano, "and you scarcely dare——"

"Dare!" almost roared Don Emilio, "is there any act so vile, so diabolical, that the initiated will not dare in the Empire of the Celestials? Your body shall be conveyed by the Boxers to the public streets of Tientsin, with sufficient credentials in the pocket of the victim of the Boxers to prove your identity as the Count Variano. I shall succeed you--step at once into 'Dead man's shoes,' while as the grandson of Arrington Marchmont, I shall still retain half his fortune, and as the husband of the lost heiress, I become at once the real master of the remainder and also of the hoarded millions of old Allan Howard--known far and near as the 'Prince of Hongkong.' In this matter I am a most dutiful son, and now Adios! death alone can seal your lips with regard to my birth, for I assure you I will never part with a coin of what I have to gain; through your death I become Count Varlano, by right of succession."

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Do you want a watch that runs and keeps good time? Our watch has a **Gold** laid case, handsome dial, fine proof, adjusted to position, patent escapement and highly finished. This is a remarkable watch. We guarantee it, and with proper care it should wear and give satisfaction for 20 years. It has the appearance of a **Solid Gold** one. The movement is an **American Style**, expansion balance, quick train, and you can rely upon it that when you own one of these truly handsome watches you will always have the correct time in your possession. Just the watch for railroad men, or those who need a very close time. Do you want a watch of this character? If so, now is your opportunity to secure one. **We Give a Beautiful Watch** as a premium to anyone for selling 18 pieces of our handsome jewelry for 10 cents each, consisting of Handsome Ring, Ear Drops, Gold Chain and Charm, Handsome Scarf or Stick Pin, Ladies' Brooch or Lace Pin, Locket, etc., etc. Simply send your name and address and we will send you the 18 pieces of jewelry postpaid. Your credit is good with us. When sold, send us the $1.80, and we will send you the handsome **Gold** laid watch. We trust you and will take back all you cannot sell. We pay you to give away these watches simply to advertise our business. No catch-words in this advertisement. We mean just what we say. You require no capital while working for us. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Start in business for yourself at once. Address

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The tall Boxer grasped the fatal collar, tightening it with a wrench of his knotted, brawny hand.

The effect was unexpected--startling.

The prodigious strength of the athletic men, augmented by the maniacal power imparted by terror and partial strangulation, had not been taken into consideration.

Like Samson he put forth all his might, and with a herculean strain he burst his bonds, leaped among the amazed assassins, who instinctively fell back as if fearing contact with the maddened prisoner.

With a half scream, half groan, he rushed forward, cleared the intervening space, and stood upon the brink of the abyss.

His eyes rolled wildly, his crazed brain lashed him to fury.

"Hazello! Hazello! I come! I come! The curse is fulfilled!"

The awful shriek left his lips as he leaped into the chasm and dropped from sight like a plummet.

An answering cry rose from the very depths into which he had sunk, hollow and sepulchral, as if rising from the shores of the Styx:

"His bones may not have burial! His shade shall haunt this accursed spot, until the last of his race perished--until his murderer is no more--then shall the curse be stayed!"

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE SPECTER BOXER'S REVELATION.

Again, with the privilege accorded the romancer who "holds the gulf of time and has clasped after the tragedy upon the cliff of Hongkong," we take up the thread at the time when Don Emilio fled from the deserted hut, after the burial of George Ruthven.

It will be remembered that the villainous Boxer had been struck down by Don Emilio, lying across the newly-made grave, while the latter, with the living confederates, the Lacosta and Fales, fled as if pursued by Satan, taking their way in the direction of the harbor.

We have seen that Amoret Ruthven had been dishonorably abducted by Count Varlano and Ensign Howard, and was at once conveyed to the cavern by the waterfall. It now becomes necessary to follow the footsteps of Don Emilio--now Count Varlano--and the Lacosta.

Nearly beside himself with terror, he paused not an instant in his flight, the few soldiers being scarcely able to keep pace with him in the rapid retreat.

Physically he was brave as the bravest and his terror was not occasioned by the shot which had laid low Guzman, but by the apparition of the horrible phantom skeleton upon the cliff.

None, save the band of assassins who had accompanied him upon the expedition, two years previously, knew of the terrible tragedy enacted upon the brow of the cliff; therefore, although filled with an awful fear at the appearance of the dread fire-wrapped skeleton, attributed the horrible significance that the phantom presented to their leader.

The memory of the awful curse of Hazello in his mother--rang in his ears, as he had heard it from the lips of the fatuous whose blood was upon his guilty head.

"May your shadow walk abroad, to haunt the spot where you shall die by the hand of a brother!"

And he, the parricide, had invoked the powers of darkness to accomplish the destruction of the curse, resting upon the already accursed race of Etrance--the Counts of Varlano.

"The malediction is fulfilled to the very letter," he muttered, "and who can remove the curse! My God!" he gasped, wildly, "why did I not decoy the half-brother of Amoret to accomplish the destiny of our race?"

He staggered forward, and sank down, thoroughly exhausted, at the foot of a giant palm, fully three miles distant from the scene of the tragedy.

Lacosta and Vittorio Mercotes (the Jason Fales now in the service of the army) had gathered beside their Colonel.

"That is the work, without a doubt, of some accursed devil, who has been put out of the way himself. I have been sure that the being before Ruthven was pushed down the rocks before [illegible] he makes me on the track--the sooner we reach Brahnzo's bungalow the better."

The three resumed their journey at a more leisurely pace, the moonlight of the tall, dark figure shadowing their path, gliding along like a bird of ill omen, halting when they paused, moving when they advanced until they reached the outskirts of the village.

Here they halted to arrange a tale suited to their purpose.

It was finally agreed that they should remain silent concerning the fact that they had encountered a human foe, but to declare that they had seen only the dread presence which the Boxers asserted was the Chinese devil, and that Guzman had been destroyed by an infernal agency.

"And as to the woman we have buried--not a word--we will suppose she is still in the village. I shall make casual inquiries concerning her. Ha, ha!" laughed Don Emilio, weakly.

A smothered hiss reached his ear; close beside him it seemed. Involuntarily he sprang back to avoid the fangs of the viper he believed coiling in the lush grass.

"Has your excellency seen the great war god?" asked Brahanzo, as Don Emilio suddenly drew aside the screening grass and stepped within the bungalow.

"We have seen the Phantom Avenger of the Cliff. Your warriors speak truly; Tardeo Guzman has been slain with the fire lighted in the heart of the earth to burn the souls of bad men," returned Don Emilio, gravely.

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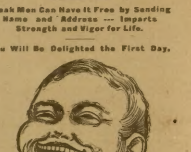
You Will Be Delighted the First Day.



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If you are not troubled with sexual weakness don't write, but if you are weak, have shrunken organs or night losses write at once and he promises you will be astonished at the quick and strange effects obtained from the very first dose. It certainly is a most generous offer and the following, taken from Dr. Knapp's daily mail shows what men think of his free remedy.

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Reaping the Whirlwind.

[illegible] reckoned the brow of the chief.

[illegible] was made to appease the [illegible] You [illegible] must bring priceless [illegible] woman's scalp to die upon the [illegible] altar." The Spaniard was [illegible] to the [illegible] god will be [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] before [illegible] [illegible] said. I will bring pale-face to be sacrificed under the wrath of the war god you have turned away." So quieted Don Emilio, grimly.

"We will call a council of war when the [illegible] returns," Don Emilio [illegible]

"I will meet the council at sunset [illegible] must seek Iano, my wife," answered Don Emilio.

Iano greeted him with every demonstration of delight, announcing the especial adoration of the child, but she spoke sorrowfully of the sudden disappearance of the captive bride.

According to the superstitious belief of her race, she imagined that the poor girl had been taken possession of by an evil spirit, while she slept, who compelled her to the diabolical work of bewitching the child, and, falling but from grace away with his victim to his own dear regions beneath the internal fires of the mountain.

Let us forget her," the dread spirit has seized her; she had become possessed of the devil, and your beautiful boy sickened—now she has been [illegible] will be [illegible] well," said Iano, [illegible] natured gravity. "Think no more of her lest her spirit return to [illegible] I was

The afternoon waned, while Don Emilio enjoyed a siesta in the bungalow, watched over by the faithful Iano, whose long fingers toyed lovingly with the rings of silken hair clustering about his temples.

Ah! it was passing strange that a maiden so fair should enshrine a soul so base and treacherous.

The first beams of the rising moon were glistening through the [illegible] forest in their silvery sheen, when the chiefs and warriors filed into the council room, at a short distance from the village where many council fires were burning.

Conspicuous among them was the Spanish colonel, and his was the master mind in the council that followed at once.

The council was long protracted, and it was at last decided that the Spaniard should lead a party of assassins in an attack upon the peaceful resting village, the pretext for the purpose of obtaining such booty as could be removed, and as a reward for exacting a ransom for prisoners taken away, and of securing the less wealthy to serve as sacrifices to the wrath of the war god.

In the meantime a most singular drama was being enacted in the bungalow, a drama alone—one that was destined to seal the fate of the red-handed Malaysian and the Spanish grandee, before the rising of another sun.

We have seen that Don Emilio and his renegade Spanish soldiers had been shadowed by a spy from the moment they left the lone grave in the wildwood, which they has filled with a living occupant, to the time of their arrival at the native village.

This figure was wrapped in a long pina cloak which hid the outlines of face and form, and as Don Emilio entered Ibrahim's bungalow the spy crept softly, making the circuit of the clustered huts and gaining a hiding place in a thick cocoanut grove upon the bank of a stream which wound around the point of land upon which the village was located.

Here he remained silent and motionless as the rock against which he leaned, and which shelved in a roof above his resting-place.

From his concealment the council ground was plainly visible, and within ear-shot, and the warriors had gathered and were already concocting their scheme for a raid when he left his cover and walked away taking a circuitous route which led him around the village by an unfrequented path to Ibrahaneo's bungalow.

Stealthily peering through the interstices between the bamboo poles which lay the support to the flat, red-tiled roof, he discovered, as he had expected, and hoped, that the Mongolian wife was alone, except for the child, which was sleeping upon a pile of curiously embroidered mats in a corner of the bungalow.

Softly crossing the patch of moonlit sward in front of the dwelling, he raised the kneeling curtain and entered without.

As the intruder appeared so suddenly Iano sprang to her feet with a slight exclamation of astonishment and anger, which changed to a gasp of superstitious terror when the light must have thrown back from the intruder's face and slipped from the broad shoulders to the floor, leaving fading face and figure in the yellow moonlight sifting through the curtains in a shadowy glimmer.

"His-s-s-s!" breathed the set lips, in a peremptory hiss.

At the sound of that voice, the sight of that face, the color came back to the fair-haired limit of the apartment, her low brow and round, creamy throat pulsing, her blood ebbing from her heart.

"Melia!"

The name was breathed in an awe-struck gasp.

The phantom of the chief who had been slain by a supernatural agency, animated by the power of the evil spirit, stood before her in the shadowy light, a phantom, surely for was he not dead? For what dread purpose was he here?

"Let Iano's tongue be silent and let her listen to the words of Melia," he whispered in a croaking tone. "Melia has strange things to tell Iano, and Iano must obey," he said, in a tone scarcely audible even to his listener.

At mention of her husband's name she started violently, interpreting the speech of the specter as a prelude to a warning, for, among the native chiefs jealousies often led to assassinations.

She still believed that it was a disembodied spirit who had been sent to guard her husband from some unseen danger, and cowered in the corner, her hands pressed against her bosom, her face pale as ashes.

He divined her thoughts and smiled grimly.

Iano believes that Melia is but a spirit, huh! Melia is here in his own body, here to tell the chief that he is not dead, that he is false, but a foreign hog! Does the wife know why the flying fish went from her with his band of Manchu warriors and his own Malaysian bloodhounds Ha! To take pleasure,' that was what his lips spoke to his Mongolian wife, the lhorhounds went for plunder!' he said. That he might make captive a beautiful white woman whom his ambition craved!"

"Melia liest!" exclaimed the chief's daughter, with as much hauteur as if she were a Chinese princess, but her cheek had again blanched, her hand shook as if with an ague.

"Let Iano listen, and then [illegible] if Melia—a chief of the Boxer-cunning!—uttered Melia, sternly.

Long time ago, when Iano was first the Spaniard's wife, he was a maid of his own color, not a Spanish woman, but an Englishgirl whom he wished to make his wife, but she turned from him; she would not listen to his words which were sweeter than honey. Long time passed, and still he could not take away the Water Lily and as she [illegible] him—all except his [illegible] pride, which was painted and wore garments of the Chinese, why? That she might [illegible] the [illegible] thunbirds were thieves. To Melia he told the truth. The Kolan Hul should have plunder—gold, silver, all—but for nothing but the Water Lily.

The midnight eyes of the Asiatic wife were flashing like stars in her face, while [illegible] spoke in a [illegible] The truth of [illegible] words began to dawn upon her.

"When the foreigners came from the Dutch East Indies with the soldiers crept away, taking with them the Water Lily and her English mate, for the Kolan had said the words that made her a wife. Just at the moment when the Kolan Hul and Spaniards were creeping to the gates of Golden Vale. A Spanish dog had crawled like a serpent into the camp and placed the fire-ball where it might tear away the gate and let the Kolan Hul and Spaniards in.

"When the walls were thrown in the air, the foreign devils came and the Spaniards fell like leaves, but the Kolans were defeating, the Spaniards had gone: the Water Lily and her mate, however, carried away by the Flying Fox, Iano's Spanish husband.

"At Sh-hai-Yah took Colonel Estrange made his camp, and when the sun went down the Water Lily's husband was thrown from the highest peak, Golden Bear Mela, before the blood was cold upon the rough rocks the Water Lily was wedded, as she have made the Water Lily his own—his wife by the law of the Spaniard."

Iano lives," whispered the woman, fiercely, "how then could Count Variano take a wife from among her race?"

"Huh! What cares the Spaniard for A latte women, for the marriage laws of his land?" said Mela, contemptuously.

"Where now is the Water Lily?" asked Iano, utterly ignoring the question, or a sneer that accented it.

The fires of jealous rage were kindling fiercely in the midnight eyes, her white teeth gleamed like pearls from between the lips drawn back like those of a leopardess threating for blood.

This story of extraordinary scenes and actions in the far east will be continued through several issues, revealing the strange customs and characteristics of the Chinese people, and showing the difficulty of invasion of the Flowery Kingdom. All subscribers of the Ledger are sent patterns and cameras free, as announced on pages thirteen and fifteen.

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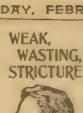

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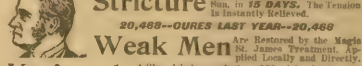

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EB NICKERSON'S SPOOK.

The Golden Giant With Diamond Eyes—A Thrilling Story for Old and Young.

By Orlando R. Mora.
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Began in No. 2, January 11. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be procured from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE SPOOK APPEARS AGAIN.

Harry and Zeke found the metallic giant with the big, blazing eyes still standing guard in the crypt in the mound, where they had been molested. There was no repetition of the awful agitation in the body of the earth, the sounds and vibrations of which had so frightened the boy on the occasion of his involuntary visit to the interior of the mysterious mound.

After the accidental surprise with which Zeke Stebbins first beheld the subterranean giant, the apple-man studied it coolly and carefully. At length he produced his ever-ready jackknife and hacked one of the figures of Faith with its keen-edged blade.

Finding the metal rather yielding, Zeke, while Barry watched him without protest, for the boy divined his companion's object, got the cut off and put it in his pocket. Where exposed by the cutting the metal was of a bright yellow color. It was not without considerable difficulty that Zeke Bean removed one of the large, glittering eyes of the big image. Having done so, he wrapped it carefully in his handkerchief and dropped it into his pocket with the eye.

"Now, we'll find out if that starin' giant is valuable or only brass an' will learn, too, what his eyes are made of. I reckon we can't accomplish much more here tonight, Lewis. How'd you say that shiny man is an' how strong it smells o' oil in here. Now, let's git out an' cover up our tracks."

They rode down the valley and to a town, in a wider one where there was a railway station, and Zeke returned to Pride's alone, bringing the two horses and announced that he had "sent the boy to Cincinnati on a little pr'vate business." Two days later he went to the railroad town to meet Barry on a train.

The boy's beaming face was a sign of good news of some kind, and as soon as he was alone with Zeke he whispered:

"Say, Zeke, that giant's made o' solid gold an 'the eyes are diamonds. The goldsmith says the gold's the purest kind and he took me to a lapidary an' he said the eye was one o' the biggest diamonds in the world. He seemed to think 'twd be safe to buy it of me, an' after talkin' 'round some, come out an' offered me fifty thousand dollars for it."

"An' ye brought it back, didn't ye, Barry?" asked Zeke, anxiously.

You bet, an' he don't know nothin' more 'n he's seen."

"That's right. We don't want his cussed money, Barry," cried Zeke. "What's fifty thousan' dollars to us? Say, Barry, it's a wonder you chaps in Cincinnati didn't try to follow ye back."

"They did, Zeke, but I fooled 'em. I got away from 'em all right an' we shan't see either of 'em here.

"All right. Now, we've got to git that image out o' the mound an' git it to market. That'll have t' be capitol cotfar an' develop this all field an' open up them other mounds. If that's any more of them gold figgers in 'em an' all with diamond eyes we want 'em. We gotter have the gold to do it with, an' we can use all we can find. We'll have to have an' I reckon we'd better let Mr. Pride in the speculation. He's a honest, straightmouthed man an' will be able to advise us sanyhow."

"Mr. Pride's all right, I'm sure," answered Barry, but we don't want to tell anyone if we can help it and maybe we can manage somehow alone. Let's try, anyway."

"How much d'ye s'pose the image weighs, Barry?" asked Zeke.

"Tons, likely."

"How can we lift it?"

"Did you ever hear mooner tell that story of the man that had to move the wheat? No? Well, he had two bushels of wheat an' they came an' carried away two grains o' wheat, then they came an' carried away two more grains o' wheat an' so on an' so forth, till we gits tired o' tellin' it an' the boys in the joke. The joke to our job is that we can saw the giant up, savin' the sawdust, o' course, and carry away the pieces till we git it all safe away."

"That's a long-headed scheme, Barry, an' it does away with several difficulties. We've got hosses an' we'll need a wagon an' harness, but we'll have to be careful."

"I can take the hosses up the mountain to old man Harbison's an' he'll gladly loan us his harness an' wagon that we used when we went after his son-in-law's body," suggested Barry.

"That's all right, too, Barry," returned Zeke, approvingly. "You, lad, 've been a-thinkin' about these things, I'm sure."

"All the way back from the city," said the boy.

Early next morning, Harry went on his mission up the mountain and was so successful that he returned not with the harness and wagon alone, but with a saw, a mallet, and large chisel, and several dozen strong grain-sacks.

On the night following Barry's return from Harbison's he and Zeke went on horseback to the mound, taking only the saw and other tools and some food and Barry came back with the horses alone, first saying that Stebbins might not return until the next day. The boy slept with Mr. Pride, thus preventing the latter from making any inquiries of anyone about their somewhat mysterious actions, if he were inclined to do so. When Zeke came back, he reported to Barry that the golden giant had been sawn into pieces convenient for transportation and they had only to tie up the pieces in the grain sacks and carry the whole away in the wagon.

"I'd a been back sooner," he added, "if I hadn't been driven out o' the mound this forenoon by that awful crackin' an' rumblin' in the earth. I thought for a time the whole thing would blow up, but it got quiet after awhile, an' I resumed operations. Here's that other diamond eye, Barry. Put it with the one ye've takin' care of. The sooner we git all that metal ready the better. Ev'ry day we wait increases our chances o' bein' found out."

"How long'll it take us to load the wagon?" asked Barry.

"Sev'ral hours."

"Can the hosses draw it all at one load?" he asked next.

"Yes. It's a good load considerin' the roads, but not too big," replied Zeke, calculatingly. "The team's equal to it."

"Why not do it tonight, Zeke?"

"We will," exclaimed the fruit tree man.

At two o'clock next morning the pieces of the golden giant, a few big chunks in each of the grain sacks, were loaded in the wagon. Barry was spread over all the sacks. Barry had again descended into the mound for a small bag containing the precious sawdust, which had been caught in a large rubber blanket, and, lines in hand, Zeke was waiting impatiently for the boy's reappearance.

Barry got his fingers round the neck of the bag, which was not very heavy, and was on the point of turning to the interior of the mound, when, in the light of the candle that he bore in his other hand, he saw some particles of the gold glistening at his feet. He was too grieved to be willing to leave any visible evidence of the work that he and Zeke had been doing, and he set down the little bag and with his fingers carefully raked some dirt over the tell-tale yellow dust.

As the boy clutched the sack again and started out, he noticed a small and somewhat big grease from it fell on his hand. Involuntarily he dropped the candle and the light flickered out.

He saw dimly, before darkness enveloped him, a tall figure where the golden giant had stood, and, trembling with terror, he rushed out into the open air, scarcely as he could in the dark and hurriedly seated himself in the wagon.

"Zeke, Zeke!" he exclaimed, excitedly, "I saw Uncle Nicholas!"

"Not down in the mound, Barry?" queried Zeke, eagerly. "Ye don't go for to tell ye've seen Eb Nickerson's spook down in that mound?"

"Yes. It was right where the big gold man stood. The light was faint, but I ain't mistaken. I saw Uncle Nicholas!"

"Gee! Cluck, cluck! Git up, old Spot! Git up, old Bill! I kinder want to git away from here. Barry, I don't know that no livin' man but us has been down in the mound with an' no livin' man could 'a' got down there without our seein' him. There are always plenty of good opportunities for clever, brainy people who are always alert and ready to grasp a real good thing. We have such an opportunity again beginning to-day and ending March 1st. See ORANGE DISTRIBUTION.

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Eb Nickerson's Spook.

(Continued.)

Consequently, Barry——"

"Consequently what, Zeke"? asked Barry, in a low, tense voice.

"Consequently, what you seen was an out-an'-out, no-mistake ghost, an' yer mother's right, yer father's wrong, least-ways on the spook question."

"I reckon she is," replied the boy.

The load had not started hard and by this time they had gained the road. Zeke looked back uneasily and saw no one. But in the shadow of the mound stood a tall man, who watched them as long as they were in sight.

CHAPTER XXII.

EVIDENCE OF PREHISTORIC ENTERPRISE.

In one week and one day after their departure, Zeke Stebbins and Barry More drove up to Duty Pride's farmhouse and were warmly welcomed by the farmer and his wife.

"Ye see," Zeke volunteered, "we've been away negotiatin' a little an' we've come back to do some business here."

"This seems to be the objective point of more than one man with a business scheme buzzing under his hat," replied Pride. "Since you've been gone, a certain Mr. Dick Fox has been here talking about leasing lands with a view to developing our local oil interests."

"Mr. Dick Fox!" repeated Barry.

"Yes."

"Tryin' to secure oil leases?" asked Zeke.

"Yes."

"An' how did he make out?" Zeke questioned earnestly.

"How he might have made out had he not been taken ill, I cannot say. He had to take to his bed and I am informed is quite badly off of fever at Rick's. He's had the doctor from down the river."

"Was he lookin' for any partic'lar land hereabouts?" asked Zeke with the good an assumption of indifference as he could command.

"He seemed to have his eye on the land down round the mounds."

"Oh!" signified Zeke.

Barry thought of Eb Nickerson's spook.

"What's your theory about them mounds, Mr. Pride?" Zeke questioned. "You offered once to ride down there with us and explain it to us."

"I'll do it. When shall we go—this afternoon or tomorrow morning?"

"This afternoon, I'll do," replied Zeke, dryly.

In three hours the three were in the road, on horseback, before the nearest mound—that from which Barry and Zeke had removed the golden giant.

"You go, or this means war!"

"Now," began Duty Pride, "this locality has long been known as Fortune Valley. Why? The Indians, now gone, had traditions of wealth obtained here, before they came, by an extinct people. They could impart no definite information as to the form in which this locality produced that wealth. Experienced miners have failed to find valuable ore here. Indians and white men have skimmed rock oil, now commonly called petroleum, from the surface of stagnant pools in this vicinity and have used it as a liniment and as a lubricant, and in some cases as an illuminant; and it cannot be doubted that there are considerable deposits of such oil from which the small quantities mentioned have escaped to the surface by filtration and have been brought up, with the water. I believe there is evidence before us to convince a thoughtful man that the men who built those mounds—" Pride indicated the three mounds with a sweep of his hand—"not only knew of the existence of the oil but trafficked in it, sending it to market in distant parts of the land by means of our great system of rivers."

"That's a big proposition," remarked Zeke. Barry regarded Mr. Pride in a manner that betrayed his deep interest in what the old man was saying.

"How do you think those prehistoric men got the oil out of the earth?" the boy asked.

"I think that in those days it came to the surface itself," said Duty Pride. "There are flowing oil wells in Pennsylvania today. They might have flowed at some former period of the world's history and ceased from exhaustion or been defeated from their old outlets by obstructions of one thing or another. They have overflowed their confines or a little drilling has removed the obstructions and they flow again, either constantly or intermittently. I am of the opinion that there were and are such deposits of petroleum in this valley and that with a very little expenditure of capital and labor an industry which was once gigantic may be easily established here."

"Easily and cheaply, Mr. Pride," said Barry wonderingly. "How so, when you must not only open up the deposits of oil ye speak of but must find some means o' storin' your oil an' gettin' it to water deep enough for barges before ye can hope to start it to market. Fortune river's too shallow an' uncertain an' its miles down to deep water."

"All that is already provided for," declared Pride.

Barry and Zeke looked at him in amazement.

"I can see that, you don't believe me," the old man said coolly. "Very well, but I can show you how large quantities of oil were, probably, once got out of the vicinity of those mounds to navigable water and how millions on millions of barrels of it may yet be conveyed there. Notice, boys, that I have said the three mounds are located in a considerable basin, which, follow up as it has been by alluvial accreation, you will see is lower about the land mound than it is about this first one. Do you see it in that way?"

Wonderingly, Barry and Zeke confessed that they did.

"Let us ride down there now," said Pride. "Here," he said, when they had reached the lower mound, "you will see a well defined channel, once perhaps a trans-country conduit, which the not end of time has obliterated from our vision. The road nearly parallels it all the way, and we shall not lose sight of it. Come on."

They rode for fully two hours, at a brisk trot, down the valley, and when they neared the confluence of Fortune river with the larger river to which it is tributary, Duty Pride drew rein and pointed away to the right.

"There," he said, "you see that old channel lose itself in a basin deeper and many times larger than the one at the mounds. The outline of that basin is well defined and you can see that it covers many acres and extends some distance along the bank of the other

He thinks he lives, but he's a dead one. No person is really alive whose liver is dead. During the winter most people spend nearly all their time in warm, stuffy houses or offices or workshops. Many don't get as much exercise as they ought, and everybody knows that people gain weight in winter. As a rule it is not sound weight, but means a lot of flabby fat and useless, rotting matter staying in the body when it ought to be driven out. But the liver is over-burdened, deadened—simply won't. There you are, with a dead liver, and right now is the time for resurrection. Wake up the dead! Get all the filth out of your system, and get ready for the winter's trials with clean, clear blood, body, brain free from bile. Force is dangerous and destructive unless used in a gentle, persuasive way, and the right plan is to give new strength to the muscular walls of the bowels, and stir up the liver to new life and work with CASCARETS, the great system cleaner, disinfectant and bowel tonic. Get a 50c box to-day—a whole month's treatment—and see how quickly you will be brought back to new life. Sample and booklet free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

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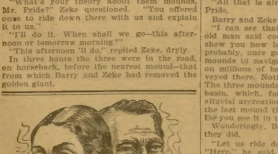

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Eb Nickerson's Spook.

(Continued.)

river which there and below there is navigable. From the first storage reservoir the oil may have come down the channel to this one and from this one it may have been shipped by means of rafts or flat boats. Now," Pride concluded, taking no note of the blank surprise of his listeners, "I'm going to see if we can get better proof that the reservoir and channel were excavated for some such purpose as I have indicated. By digging to varying depths below the surface of the ground you will find, if such exist, where they have a solid bottom of cement."

CHAPTER XXIII.

AFTERNOON SURPRISES FROM DUTY PRIDE.

After Duty Pride had spoken the words with which the preceding chapter ends he spoke no further until questioned, but watched the faces of Berry and Zeke through narrow and glistening eyes noting the effect of the declaration or his theory upon them.

"What d'e think o' that, Zeke?" asked Barry.

"Well, I feel like the man that hadn't nothin' to eat, anyhow if Providence had fixed up a whale thing for an oil enterprise it couldn't 'a' been fixed better. Seems to me all that's needed now is the oil."

"Don't ye think, Mr. Pride, that might ha' been a water way instead of an oil plant?" asked Barry.

"Well, hardly, my boy. The cement bottom was put in the reservoirs and in the conduit to prevent the waste of some liquid and I suppose water was as cheap in the days of Eb as it is now."

"That seems reasonable," replied Barry.

"Yes it does," anented Stebbins.

After that the prospectors were thoughtful, looking from side to side of the big depression that Pride thought had been a reservoir and as far as they could up the great trench that the old man thought had once been the bed of a river of oil. Their outlines were quite distinct, broken here and there by alluvial fillings, by fallen trees and other debris, by growing trees, single and in groups, and by transverse cuts made by the encroachments of water at the time of the spring and fall rains of many years than they could count or even compute. Those outlines lacked definition, however, to such an extent that they would never have distracted themselves on a casual observer and would not have suggested such a theory as Duty Pride's to any but an observant, studious and thoughtful man of some practical scientific training and experience.

A sense of this came home to the boy and Zeke said admiringly:

"And you could see all this, Mr. Pride? You must have eyes for out-of-the-way things."

"Such obscure things are not seen and understood at the first glance," answered Duty Pride modestly. "An apprehension of this import comes only of study and detailed observation. And for myself and the things I have shown you today, I cannot say that I am the original discoverer of them. My father who died there I low five months than twenty years ago and who was the first settler hereabouts, was in his prime a surveyor in the employ of the United States government and in that capacity he saw many things that made him ponder. Gradually a knowledge of what you have seen comes to him, and like our young friend, Barry, he believed he had found the remains of some ancient waterworks. He pointed out to me what I have pointed out to you except that the reservoirs and the conduit had a cement bottom, and that I discovered later. Then, in course of time, I developed my petroleum theory in connection with the two basins and the conduit and the mile channel. Perhaps if I had not had experience as a mining engineer in the coal fields of Pennsylvania I, too, would be one to note many things that otherwise I should have known nothing about, all this would have failed to interest me. Soon after I came here and while my father still lived, Mr. Charles Hyatt, making geological observations in this country, stopped in this valley with my father. That eminent scientist saw what you have seen and, like my father and Barry, thought that nothing thicker and thicker than water had stood in these reservoirs and flowed through this channel. I pointed out to him that he had proceeded however on any need for irrigation in this well-watered and wooded valley and that the natural stream must always have supplied any demand for waterpower; but he had not thought much about petroleum then, nor had I, nor had I discovered the cement bottom, and he went away without even guessing at what I now believe to have been the truth concerning Fortune valley in prehistoric times."

"In that case, Dick Pride, acquainted with this theory of yours?" asked Zeke eagerly. "If you don't mind, Mr. Pride, we'd like to know that."

"No, and I am certain he would never see the reservoirs and the conduit unless some one should show them to him. I have never talked with any one here about my theory. Most of my neighbors have come in recent years, since this question has been in need of a story, which, told to them, would only have made them think me crazy. Why, Rice is the most intelligent neighbor I have, and he'd rather trade a good deal or both wheaky and little good and a good deal of bad money for horses and take the horses down to Cincinnati to market, whenever he has his cave full of stock than be A. T. Stewart, the merchant prince, or president of the United States. Of course he is all a matter of taste, but as for me I'd rather take chances of ending my days in the poorhouse than in the penitentiary," the old man concluded with a dry humor that made his hearers smile.

"And why did you trust your theory to us, Mr. Pride?" asked Barry. "Why keep it from Mr. Fox and reveal it to Mr. Stebbins an' me?"

"Well, my boy," replied Pride with a shrewd grin, "it was simply because I have been looking out for the main chance. I didn't think Fox had money enough to do business here and do it right and I thought you would have when you got back."

"And why did ye think that?" asked Zeke with a start.

"And I thought I had seen enough of you to know that, if I showed you how to do the business, you would see me paid for all my trouble and investigation preliminary to my making the way as plain to you as I have done," went on Pride earnestly. "My old wife an' I'd like to get out of Fortune valley with a little means and wind up our earthly careers in some more congenial community."

"If good money per week can, ye shall be well paid," declared Zeke. "But how do you know we can command any considerable sum o' money, Mr. Pride?"

"Yes," said Barry, to both the declaration and the question.

"Because," said Duty Pride, very slowly and coolly, "I knew you carried off the big gold image and sold it."

The characters of this interesting story will appear in further chapters of next week's Ledger. Readers will do well to follow and see what happens then. Cameras and patterns are given free to all subscribers on pages thirteen and fifteen.

The Senator's Secret.

(Continued.)

even these vanished and once more I was at some one's mercy.

I thought of turning back and following May, but not knowing what I might encounter I did not move. I resolved to stand my ground and meet the enemy in the gulch.

Why did not May return? She had not deserted me after bringing me so far? And Granger? What had become of him, and was he really waiting somewhere with the horse?

At last I again caught a glimpse of the crawling object in the gulch. It had come a good deal nearer and I thrust my revolver forward as I watched.

All at once I heard a sharp step to my right and the question: "Are you alive?" The voice of a man seemed to fall upon me. I was nearly thrown off my feet, and as a pair of hands fastened at my throat I felt that the crisis had come a little sooner than expected.

My antagonist uttered a cry as he reached me and it was responded to from direction of the gulch. Another fox sprang forward. I was thrown to the ground, my weapon torn from my hand before it could be used and my neck terribly wrenched.

"It was a ground sted play!" said a rough voice as I was jerked to my feet. "We've got his sheeks at last. Now, Captain Meekin, you will let me finish him, won't you?"

I knew who the Castro was who stood before me, the man whom I had buried across the floor of the Arlington had found me in the

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EDITOR'S NOTE Medical institutes too often a fixed fact, and it will remain so. It is as standard as a savings bank.

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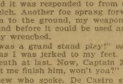

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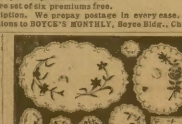

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The illustration represents our beautiful set of table doilies for pioneer and fancy designs. We have had these designs are finely stamped on good linen and ready to work, and the accompanying picture shows how beautiful and Beauty design is full inches. The napkin alone are in the pioneer set and fancy designs. The set consists of one-cut patterns. The number daily of daisy design is 6 inches square, and the napkin ring is full inches. The set will look very pretty when embroidered in yellow, blue and green silks. This is an especially good set.

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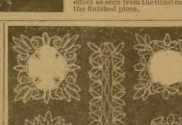
This shows exactly how the handsome sofa pillow top, we are offering you will look when worked. This is the exact photographic reproduction of the sofa pillow top, and the beauty of the design is shown in the illustration. It is stamped on the best quality of fifteen color cottage cloth, which is 22x22½ inches in size. It is fast, or about 250 square inches. Embroider 3 skeins of yellow, 2 skeins of dark red and 2 skeins of light rose pink floss silk to complete this. About 2 yards of ribbon are required for border in desired, tinted to match the colors in the design. This is a very handsome and useful article for a handsome sofa pillow in anyone would want, and it is not hard or expensive to make.

PREMIUM NO. 14.

This exquisite Battenberg center piece is 20 inches in diameter and is finely stamped on the best quality of pink Holland cambric. As with the other designs, we have had this one worked out carefully by our own experienced needle workers so that the above picture gives you an exact reproduction of the piece when worked. It takes 10 yards of No. 20 linen thread and 1 yard of No. 30 linen thread to work this. The Battenberg design is very handsome and has a very handsome and rich effect as seen from the illustration of the finished piece.

PREMIUM NO. 16.

This handsome Battenberg set consists of a handkerchief, two over collars, stock collar, pair of cuffs, tie rack, tatting edge and insertion, and is stamped on the best quality of finely stamped on the best quality silk finished cambric and the above picture is a photographic reproduction of these designs after they have been worked. The handkerchief requires 12 yards of point lace braid and 1½ yards of tatting. The large collar requires 3 yards point lace braid and 2 rings No. 190. The stock collar requires 1 yard point lace braid and 2 rings No. 190. The cuffs require 2 yards point lace braid and 2 rings No. 190. For the tie rack 2 yards of tatting and 2 rings No. 190. The insertion requires ½ yards of lace braid and 2 rings No. 190. The material for these Battenberg designs is inexpensive.



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These beautiful Battenberg reproductions from photographs of the stamped patterns after they have been carefully worked. We have had these designs at our experienced needle workers so that you may know exactly how these Battenberg look when completed. These designs are all stamped finely and clearly on the best quality of pink Holland cambric. The exquisite pair of cuffs require 6 yards of No. 20 linen thread and 1 yard of No. 30 linen thread to work, and 2 rings No. 2000, also No. 6, and 40 rings No. 60. This is a handsome set for a lawman or Oriental table, and is easy to make and inexpensive.

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The Senator's Secret.

(Continued.)

heart of the Sierras and I knew what that discovery meant.

In less time than I can transcribe a line I was standing in the midst of half a dozen men at the head of whom stood Tom Meekin. De Castro with a hellish smile on his sallow face eyed me with the malignity of a tiger, his long fingers switching in ghoulish glee.

"You didn't expect to see me here, Senor Percy?" said the Spaniard, bending forward as the words fell from his tongue, "if you hadn't given me the slip we would have had it out in Washington, but the Sierras will do just as well."

"Just as you say," I rejoined, returning him a look that met his with interest, "You are serving your master for a wife, I see."

A grating sound like a hiss was all the response I got.

"Let's get out into the light a little more," said De Castro to Meekin. "You know we are going back without a prisoner."

The giant of Rattlesnake nodded and I knew what the Spaniard's words meant.

I was removed from the scene of the surprise and the band halted a few rods away where all stood beyond the shadows of the rock walls.

"We'll search him first," said De Castro, "Men, your captain has given me what authority I need tonight. He'll vouch for De Castro. We want the documents on your person, Mr. Percy."

I drew back a little as the Spaniard advanced only to hear him laugh. He threw out his hands to take hold of me for the purpose of searching my person when all at once, clear and distinct, a voice cut the silence.

"Touch that man and die! We've got the drop on every one of you!"

I recognized the voice. The Queen of Rattlesnake had spoken.

This highly romantic and interesting story, involving a United States senator and his family, will be continued in next week's Ledger. All subscribers to the Ledger are still being sent free camera and free patterns as announced on pages thirteen and fifteen.

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Four Little Balls of Fur.

Three of them lay curled up in a warm corner of the parlor. One was white and fluffy, one was black and shining, the third was the loveliest gray. And over in another warm corner, snuggled down in a cute little basket, lay another ball of beautiful fur.

The three little balls were dear little kittens, so young that they'd only just learned to see out of their big round blue eyes. The fourth was a handsome Newfoundland puppy. And he was very young, too.

The puppy and the kittens were quite well acquainted already. They had been introduced to one another several days, and they spoke kind terms for several days, and they all liked one another, although—well, the puppy thought he was much grander and more important than the kittens, because he was so very much bigger, to begin with, and because he was growing so much faster than they. And the kittens rather looked down on the puppy, because they were so graceful and ladylike in their movements, while he tumbled about in a very rough and tumble fashion. But, as they were all careful to say nothing of these fancies, not even to one another, in the interest of confidence nobody's feelings were hurt.

The puppy and the kittens played together all day long—for the puppy woke up and left his basket presently after the kittens' bouncing ever began—until the children who loved them came hurrying home from school. They could even wait to play snowball, with those dear, lovely, delightful little mites of kittens, and at night, of the four playing together they simply screamed with delight.

"I hope Billie won't hurt the kittens," said gentle little Maisie, with an anxious glance at them, as she watched them. "He's so much bigger than they are and—"

"But they've got sharper claws than he has," interrupted Jamie, "and if it came to a fight they'd get the best of it, being three to one."

"Oh, oh! I hope they won't fight—ever!" cried Maisie.

"I don't believe they will," mamma assured her, watching the pretty things at play. "You see they are bringing them up to love each other, and there are many dogs and cats who do not fight."

"If they do we'll just have to keep them apart," said Jamie, wisely. "Come on, Maisie, they don't want to play with us now, you see. They're so happy together. Let's go out and make a snow man."

So off they went merrily, and the kittens and the puppy romped and rolled on each other. (If you've never seen a kitten or a puppy smile, just watch the next time anything funny happens near a puppy or a kitten and see.)

"Hmmh! Beings do seem me-too," said the puppy, presently. "Do you know, kittens, that human children actually think they're much smarter than we are, and that they know a lot more than we do?"

"We do believe it," cried the kittens. Fluff and Ruff and Puff all together.

"It's true," the big Newfoundland told me so the day after they took me out for a roll in the snow," agreed the puppy, solemnly. "And yet—"

"Why! They're quite learn to catch mice, these children," said the kittens. "Our mother says that some human beings are actually afraid of mice. Just think of it!"

"And I could find my way home in the dark now, if you didn't take me too far away from home," was the puppy's boast, with his head raised proudly and his tail wagging proudly. "After a few months I'd be able to find my way home from anywhere, almost. And great big grown human beings get so badly at quite often that they never get home at all."

"Well, it's queer how terribly conceited some people will be," said the kittens, together, shaking their heads in a row. "Now, it doesn't seem possible to suppose it's true, our mother says those children actually think we're making fun of us when they lift us about and pass us from one to the other."

"Why, they do!" They do!" answered the puppy, smiling. "And even when we're big and old and know a lot they'll keep on thinking so. It's a way human beings have somehow, and they never get over it."

"Dear me! How very funny," said all the kittens, suddenly remembering to be prim and ladylike and sitting up straight.

"Well, anyhow they can't help it. We ought to try and be sorry for them, poor things, and be very kind to them, seeing that it's their nature to be so foolish. Let's be very nice to them always, just for fun."

Then they all had another lovely romp together, ending with a dash in the middle of the floor. And when Maisie and Jamie came to take them to their supper they all looked so demure and so innocent you'd never have supposed they knew a thing beyond their pawa.

Arthur Dolling.

Always Keeps Himself Neat.

Of all squirrels the chipmunk is the favorite. Hardly does one pass along a wood path but that he can be seen running at great speed or taking an observation from one of the many stumps scattered about. Such a cheerful little fellow as he is, and always at his best looking in his striped coat.

The chipmunk has one valuable possession that neither of his larger cousins can boast. This is pair of fur-lined pockets, his cheek-pouches. Having so convenient a place to carry them in, may be one reason why he gathers so many nuts, seeds and grains. He lays up the largest winter stores of any of the squirrel family, so plentifully does he provide that he can sleep all winter if he chooses, with an occasional journey under the snow to his storehouse, while the gray squirrel and the red squirrel are constantly making their many foraging expeditions between autumn and spring.

Less provident is the flying squirrel, for he harvests the smallest store of any of the squirrel tribe. This most wonderful little trapezist has a fur-covered membrane on each side of his body, which, when his legs are spread, stretches between the fore and hind wrists. When he wishes to pass from one tree to another he mounts to the top, spreads his parachute, or, in other words, stretches his legs as far apart as possible and gives a flying leap. He glides smoothly and swiftly through the air on an inclined plane for several yards, then with a movement of his broad, feathery tail, acting as a rudder, moves upward an instant, and alights as softly as a feather on the tree he started for.

The flying squirrel is rather inclined to be lazy, and is pleased if he can discover a hole made a by a woodpecker in which to build his winter quarters. He lines it with leaves and shredded bark, and sometimes sleeps in it for weeks together. Here the babies may be born in early spring, quite little tots, naked and blind. Their whiskers are the first hairs to appear, and it is a month before they are able to see.

If the flying squirrels be an ambitious pair they will build a summer home, of leaves and twigs, similar to the gray squirrels. They prefer swampy land, and often build on the low branches that cluster in lowlands. As they prefer moonlight to sunshine, and flying to going afoot by day, you will not be likely to have the pleasure of becoming acquainted with them unless you seek them in their own haunts.

His Sister Knew Better.

One day Johnny went to a neighbor's house. When he came home his mother asked him if he had had his dinner. No, he had not.

"Didn't they ask you to stay to dinner?" said mamma.

"Ea," said Johnny.

"Then why didn't you stay?"

"I ditty 'ay to."

Upon this his little sister Alice, who had been listening with absorbing interest to the conversation, exclaimed with a withering glance of indignation:

"You didn't want to! Why, you must have wanted to."

May Was Curious.

"Edna's just heartbroken over that," said her mother, referring to something about which Edna had been disappointed. Whereupon May, Edna's baby sister, went up to her and said:

"Le' me see, Edna, where is 'ou heart b'oken?"

The Last Stroke of Misery.

Lady Anne Barnard, whose life and letters have just been edited by W. W. Wilkins, was the author of the well-known Scotch ballad, "Auld Robin Gray." Her story of the composition of this ballad, as related to Sir Walter Scott, is worth retelling.

There was an ancient Scotch melody, she said, of which dad was passionately fond, —, who lived before your day, used to sing it to us at Balcarres. She did not object to its having improper words, although I did. I longed to sing old Sophy's air to different words, and got to its plaintive tones some little history of virtuous distress in humble life, such as might suit it. While attempting to offer this in my quaint, I called to my little sister, who was the only person near me: "I have been writing a ballad, my dear. I am oppressing my heroine with many misfortunes. I have already sent her Jamie to sea, a fish broken her father's arm, and made her mother sit sick, and given her auld Robin Gray for a lover; but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow within the four lines, poor thing! Help me to one."

My sister thought a moment, and then, the climax of misfortunes coming to her, called out:

"Steal the cow, Sister Anne!"

The cow was immediately "lifted" by me, and the song was completed.

Viewpoint.

He—I believe that woman goes to church to show her new bonnet.

She—How ungrateful you men are! She wears it to show how generous some husbands can be.

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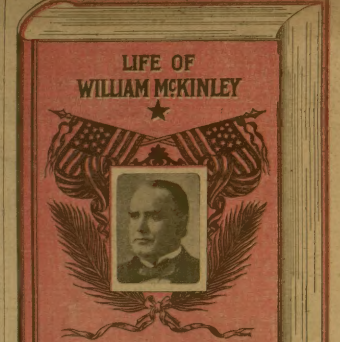

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